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Bible. Old Testament. Psalms.
1146

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A

PARAPHRASE

On some SELECT

PSALMS.

By the Reverend Mr. RICHARD DANIEL,
Dean of *Armagh*, and Chaplain to His Grace the
Lord Lieutenant.

*O that Men would therefore praise the LORD
for his Goodness, and declare the Wonders that
he doeth for the Children of Men. Psal. cvii.*



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L O N D O N .

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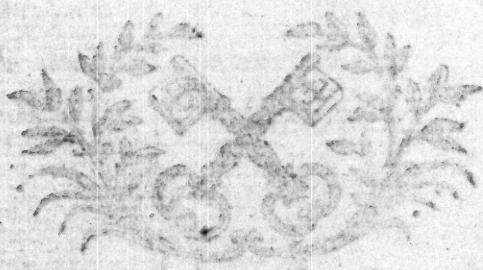
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London

Printed for PERCY LIVINGSTON, by G. C. and
G. W. COOK. MDCCLXII.



T O T H E

K I N G.

SIR, Presume to dedicate this Para-

phrase to Your Majesty, not only because the Subject of it is worthy of your Attention, but because my own Inability to execute so difficult an Undertaking will but too much stand in need of so powerful a Protection.

As it has pleased Almighty God to raise Your Majesty to one of the most considerable Thrones in the Universe, and to place You at the Head of a brave, wise, and affection-

The Dedication.

nate People, I am persuaded that Your Heart is full of that Duty, Love, and Gratitude, which ought to be paid to so great and so kind a Benefactor; and that no Book can be more acceptable to You than one, in which his adorable Name is treated with that awful Solemnity which is due to his Divine Perfections, and the transcendent Excellency of his Nature.

The Book of *Psalms* has in all Ages been held in the highest Veneration, being a Collection of the most exalted Pieces of Divine Poetry that Antiquity can boast of. If it be so great a Pleasure to the Mind to trace *Ulysses* through all his Wanderings; if we are concern'd for him in the Den of the *Cyclops*, and overjoy'd at his being re-settled in his native *Ithaca*: If with Delight we pursue *Æneas* through his Atchievements, till by the Death of *Turnus* he wins *Lavinia*, and reigns in Peace in *Italy*; how much more refined a Pleasure must it be to a Christian Reader to observe the Conduct of the holy *David* in all his Troubles?

The

The Dedication.

The Adventures of that brave Prince, (without the Beauties of Fiction to support them) are much more entertaining than any thing we can meet with in the Heathen Story: How surprized are we to find him even in his tender Years grappling with a Lion and a Bear which had devoured some of his Father's Flock, and victorious over those fierce and dreadful *Savages*? How glorious a Figure does the young Heroe make in the Field of *Dammin*, where unarm'd he encounters and slays the Giant *Goliath*, and drives before him the Army of the *Philistines* with their Champion's Sword? How tender and delicate was his Love for *Jonathan*, and how moving was his Sorrow for the Loss of that excellent Friend? How patient was he, how resign'd to the Will of God, during the time he was persecuted by *Saul*, and how generous even to that jealous and unhappy Tyrant who sought his Life?

This great Prince ascended the Throne by the particular Appointment of God, and with the good Wishes of his People; he was

The Dedication.

beloved for his Clemency, and admired for his Justice; he made his *Israelites* dreadful to their Enemies abroad, and easy and happy among themselves. After a long Series of Victory and Success over the idolatrous Nations, he had the Blessing at last to die in Peace, and to leave behind him (even in the Judgment of his Maker) the great and glorious Character of the Man after GOD's own Heart.

This is the Prince whose Sentiments I present to Your Majesty, many of the Circumstances of whose Life and Fortune have a great Resemblance of your own.

As *David* approved himself a Hero even in his tender Years, Your Majesty appeared very early in the Field, and immediately gave the World an earnest of that Courage and Conduct which have ever since so visibly shone through all Your Actions.

As *David* was the Support of that Church which GOD himself had planted among the *Jews*,

The Dedication.

Jews, and successfully fought its Battels against all the *Infidel* Nations that were around him, Your Majesty is a Terror to the idolatrous Church of *Rome*. You have the Glory of being the Bulwark of the *Protestant* Interest in *Europe*, and the Great Defender of that Faith which our excellent Reformers have left to us pure and undefiled, as in the first Ages of the *Gospel*.

If *David* was liberal to his Friends, and merciful to his Enemies, the Friends of Your Royal House have been rewarded, and Your Rebels pardon'd.

And lastly, was the Hereditary Right most signally set aside in the Person of *David*; so has it been in Favour of Your Illustrious Family: The Hand of GOD very visibly appeared in both Cases; *Judea* found the good effects of the one, as *Great Britain* and *Ireland* have of the other: Let it be the Boast of other Monarchs that they wear Crowns, be it Your better Praise that You deserve one.

E H T

That

The Dedication.

That Your Majesty may live many Years a Blessing to Your People, that You may raise the *British* Glory to a higher pitch than ever it hath been yet carry'd, even by the most famous of Your Predecessors; and when it shall please Almighty God to take You to Himself, and to call You from an earthly to a heavenly Crown, that His Royal Highness like another *Solomon*, may ascend the Throne, to transmit your Virtue to latest Posterity, is the Prayer of,

Your MAJESTY's

Most Faithful, and most
Devoted Subject and Servant,
Richard Daniel.

THE

THE PREFACE



THE

PREFACE.



Have singled out about fifty Psalms which I design to Paraphrase, I now publish fifteen of them, and in some time, God willing, shall finish the rest.

Tho' the Book of Psalms goes under the name of the Psalms of David, it is a great mistake to imagine that he was the Author of them all. It is likely that he made a Collection of the most ancient ones, to which he added very many of his own; some are ascribed to the Sons of Korah, others to Asaph the Levite, and others again to Asaph the Seer; several were written by Solomon, some by Idithum, by Eman, and Etham. The Collection of one hundred and

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and fifty as they are now received among us, is said to have been made by Esdras.

By the Psalms is meant no more than divine Songs or Hymns address'd to the Almighty, they consist either of Prayers for benefits we stand in need of, or of Praises and Thanksgivings for mercies received; some of them were undoubtedly designed for what we call the high-paced Odes, and ought to be translated in the Stanza measure, as others again are purely narrative, and may more properly be render'd in the long Heroick. And certainly there is no one species of Poetry more nice and difficult than this of the Psalms. In other kinds of Writing the Poet is indulged to a great degree: He may give a range to his Imagination, push boldly for Fame, and entertain us at large; whereas here he is severely confin'd to the strictest Propriety. It admits of nothing that is low, mean, or trivial; no idle little conceits, no wanderings of a warm and overheated Fancy, no Similes that are ambitious and ill timed; but the whole Performance must be grave, solemn, and majestic. A strict Virtue, an unaffected Piety, and a Sanctity of Manners must shine through the Piece. The Probity of the Man must be equally conspicuous with the address of the Poet: In a word, nothing is to be admitted but what seems to flow from the Heart of a Saint, and is fit to be sung by the Voice of an Angel.

The composing of Divine Hymns in the Praise of God is a practice of a very ancient standing. The

memo-

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memorable Passage of the Israelites journey through the Red Sea, gave occasion to one of the first, if not of the finest Odes that ever was written: The Author of it was Moses; the whole Performance is great and glorious; every sentiment breathes an air of Gratitude and Devotion, and is worthy the hand of so famed a Master. We find likewise that when an Army of Barbarians under Sisera was defeated by Deborah and Barak, and Sisera slain, the Prophets composed a triumphal Ode or Song of Thanksgiving on that solemn Occasion; and tho' both those Pieces are excellent in their kind, yet they came at last to be equalled, if not excelled by David, who seemed to be born to carry the Cantica Divina to their highest Perfection.

It would be endless to enumerate the Encomiums which in all ages have been given the Psalms; by some Writers they are called the Treasury of all good precepts, the Voice of the Church, and the School of Virtue. By others, the commendation is carry'd so high, as to say, that a complete Body of Theology may be drawn from them; I think indeed I may venture to affirm that there is scarce any one circumstance or accident of Life to which one or other of the Psalms is not happily adapted: Whether then we are great or little in the Commonwealth, whether we are rich or poor, in sickness or in health, though with St. Paul, We should be in Perils on a Journey, in Perils of Waters, in Perils of Robbers, in Perils by our own Countrymen, in Perils by the Heathen, in Perils in the City, in Perils in the

Wilder-

The P R E F A C E.

Wilderness, in Perils in the Sea, in Perils among false Brethren: In Weariness and Painfulness, in Watchings often, in Hunger and Thirst, in Fastings often, in Cold and Nakedness:

I say, in all these unhappy Circumstances we may draw a rational and manly Comfort from these Writings of David, who warms us by his Example, and instructs by his Precepts: He quickens and invigorates our Piety, mends the Heart, and enlarges the Soul.

The Primitive Christians had so great a regard for the Psalms, that they not only sung them in their Assemblies, but at their Meals, and in the very Streets and Highways. They rose at midnight to chant these Divine Hymns, and took care to instruct the Youth in them, and to make them get them by heart, in order to have their tender Minds very early seasoned with Principles of Religion and Virtue.

It were to be wish'd that the Christians of these days would follow so excellent an Example, that they would recommend to young People the reading of those compositions which will teach them to be easy here, and happy hereafter; that they would restrain them from spending their time in the perusal of those loose and wanton Performances which enervate the Mind, smut the Fancy, vitiate the Morals, and give but too sensible a disrelish of Temperance and Sobriety.

What

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What can be expected from a giddy, gay, un-thinking Youth, who has nothing before his eyes but the Battels of Alexander, the Triumphs of Cæsar, The Rage of Achilles, the Wiles of Ulysses, and the more rough Encounters of an Ajax or a Diomede? Are these the only Models, or the most proper for a Christian to work upon? What Hopes can we conceive of a lazy, indolent, romantick Female, whose Head and Heart are eternally full of the Complaint of Dido, the Rape of Hellen, the forsaken Cænone, the unfortunate Helouisa, and the Lamentation of Cleopatra for the Loss of Anthony? Are these the Ladies of Antiquity, whose Examples are fit to be proposed to influence the practice of our Women of Virtue? I fear, tho' such a one may value her self never so much here upon Earth, for the Politeness of her reading, she will be but little regarded hereafter for the nicety of her taste.

I would not here be understood to endeavour to lessen the Credit of the prophane Authors, I am as willing to give them their just Praise as any one. They have indeed an infinite number of Beauties, and many of them deserve that applause which succeeding Ages have so lavishly bestowed upon them: but I think at the same time that they ought to be read with caution: It is not the Use but the Abuse of them I speak against, I mean, too intense an application to them, I think they may serve as the Amusements of a leisure Hour, but ought by no means to be regarded as the proper business and study of Life; I look upon the Writings of Moses, David, and

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and Solomon, to be of much greater moment and advantage to a Christian.

In Divine Poetry the Muses appear to act in their proper sphere; they not only make Men wiser, but better; they lift up the Heart to that God who formed us, that we may bless him for his Providence, and adore him for his Mercy: Now this, I say, is to put the Muses to their right use, which were never design'd to be the Handmaids of Vice and Immorality, but the more glorious dispensers of Virtue and Truth.

Whether it be that the Eastern way of thinking is so very different from our own, that it is almost impossible to do justice to the Original, or whether it be that keeping too close to the Text, must of necessity sink the Poetry into Rhime and Doggerel, we cannot, I say, but observe that very few have succeeded in their Attempts upon the Psalms, and that the unhappy David has received more Wounds from the Pens of some of his translating Friends, than ever he did from the Swords of his profess'd Enemies the Philistines.

Since then the Psalms will by no Means bear with a close Translation, this being the Rock on which some of our best Poets have unfortunately split, I was resolved to try what sort of a Figure they would make in a Paraphrase, by opening and displaying the principal Incident on which each Psalm is founded, and by enlarging those Hints which

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which naturally arise from the subject I am treating on, and are agreeable to the Sense of the best Commentators.

For the more general Instruction of the Reader, I have placed an Argument before each Psalm, to let him into the meaning and occasion of it.

Whatever the Fate of the following Performance may be, I think I may venture to say, that my Design is commendable, which is, to instruct Mankind after the Example of David, in their Duty to God, their Neighbours, and themselves, in its utmost variety and extent; in which, if I fail through want of Capacity, I shall be heartily glad to see it brought to perfection by some abler hand, to the Glory of God, and for the Benefit of the great Cause of Religion and Virtue.

Perhaps it may be thought unnecessary to give any detail of the Actions of David, because they either are or ought to be known by every Reader: But as there are several Particulars which may have slipt out of the Memory of some, and are utterly unknown to others, I think it will here be proper to give some Account of the Life and Actions of this great Man, as I find them remark'd on by a modern French Critic, by which means I shall recall to the Reader's Mind those glorious and surprizing Events which first gave Birth or Occasion to the Psalms.

DAVID, King of the Jews, was one of the greatest Men that ever lived, even tho' we should not consider him a royal Prophet, who was after God's

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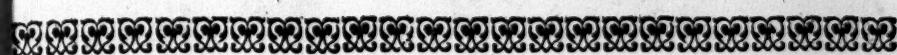
own Heart. The first time that the Scripture makes him appear on the Stage of the World, is to inform us that *Samuel* was commanded by God to anoint him King, which Ceremony he performed in the sight of his Brethren. He was the youngest of the eight Sons of *Jesse* the *Bethlehemite*, and at the time of his being anointed no more than keeper of his Father's Sheep. *Saul* being troubled with an evil Spirit, *David* was sent for to play before him; his Musick had so good an effect on the King's Malady that it cured him, for which important service he was beloved by *Saul*, who made him his Armour-bearer. *David* after this went home to take care of his Father's Flock, who sent him one Day to *Saul's* Camp with Provisions for three of his Brethren who were in the Service. Here it was that he heard the Challenge that a *Philistine*, call'd *Goliath*, proud of his Strength and tall Stature made daily to the *Israelites*, none of them daring to accept it. He let drop some words as if he was willing to fight *Goliath*, upon which he was brought before the King, and assur'd him that he should certainly triumph over the *Philistine*. *Saul* put his own Armour on him, but it being troublesome *David* put it off again, resolving to make use only of his Sling, which he did so luckily that he brought down the Giant, kill'd him with his own Sword, cut off his Head, and presented it to *Saul*. He consecrated the Sword of *Goliath* to the Lord, and caused it to be placed behind the Altar; He caused likewise the Head of the Giant to be kept, and when he had taken *Jerusalem*, and made that City the Capital of his Kingdom, he fix'd up the Head of *Goliath* there, in token of his signal and glorious Victory. It is wonder'd at by

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by many, how *Saul* came not to know *David* when he was brought before him, having before been cured by him, and having made him his Armour-bearer: To which it is answered, that *David* was very young when he was brought to play before *Saul*, and in his Shepherd's dress, so that it was easy for the King, whose Head was full of business, and much distemper'd too, to forget he had seen him. *Saul* order'd him to live for the future at Court, and to return no more to his Father. But because the Songs of Triumph that were sung in all the Cities, were more in the praise of *David* than *Saul*, the King conceived a most furious Jealousy, which increas'd daily, especia-
lly, when he observed that all those dangers which he put him upon to keep him from Court, serv'd only to make him more illustrious, and to procure him the Affection and Admiration of the *Jews*. By a false Policy he must needs make him his Son-in-law: He was in hopes that the Condition upon which he was to give him his Daughter, would deliver him from that Object of his Aversion; but he was confounded in his own cunning. He asked a hundred Foreskins of the *Philistines* for his Daughter *Michol*'s dowry: *David* brought him two hundred: So that instead of being destroy'd in the Undertaking, he return'd with a new Glory. He marry'd *Saul*'s Daughter; all his Expeditions against the *Philistines* prov'd successful; his Name makes a great noise; insomuch that *Saul* imagined that the Death of *David* was the only thing that could secure him from being dethroned. He resolves to get rid of him, and trusts *Jonathan* with the secret, who being a virtuous Prince, and *David*'s Friend, reveals the conspiracy to him; *David* flies,

The P R E F A C E.

and is pursued from place to place by *Saul*, till he gave him undeniable Proofs of his Love and Fidelity, by sparing him twice when he had him fully in his power. *Saul* relents and pursues him no more. *David* takes refuge among the *Philistines*, obtains a City from the King of *Gath* to dwell in; he returns into *Judea* after the Death of *Saul*, where he is declared King by the Tribe of *Judah*. In the mean time the Fidelity of *Abner* causes the rest of the Tribes to set up *Ishbosheth* *Saul*'s Son for King. *Ishbosheth* reproves *Abner* for taking one of *Saul*'s Concubines: *Abner* is resolv'd to be revenged, and comes to a Treaty with *David*: He is killed by *Joab* upon a private Quarrel: His Death hastens the Ruin of the unfortunate *Ishbosheth*, who was killed by two of his Captains, and his Head brought to *David*, who order'd the two Russians to be put to Death. He reigned seven Years and and a half over the Tribe of *Judah*, and about thirty three Years over all *Israel*. This long Reign was remarkable, by great Succes and glorious Conquest; it was clouded for some time by the Rebellion of *Absalom*. *David*, though a great and good Prince, had his Faults, from which even the best of Men are not exempted; he was very much to blame in the Case of *Uriah*, and in the numbring the People, but made atonement by a deep and sincere Repentance. And thus much for the Life and Actions of that great Prince.



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A

PARAPHRASE, &c.

Psalm the First Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

It is thought that the Person who collected the Psalms, design'd this first as a Prologue to all the rest, in which he sets forth what ease of Mind, and stability of Fortune the Good and Virtuous may reasonably expect, and on the other hand, denounces all imaginable Woe against the Evil-doers.

B Less'd is the righteous Man who ne'er has trod
The Paths of Sinners, nor provok'd his God ;
But bravely combats with an impious Age,

And scorns alike its Friendship, or its Rage.

Thrice happy is the Man whose constant Mind
 To heav'nly Truth and Virtue is inclin'd,
 Who looks with Pity on this motley Scene,
 But wisely seeks for Happiness within ;
 To GOD he dedicates his noblest Part,
 And gives the full Possession of his Heart,
 His sacred Word he makes his chief delight,
 His Day's Companion, and his Friend by Night ;
 Too wise to fix his Hopes of Glory here,
 Heav'n only is his Wish, as worthy of his Care.

As a fair spreading Tree which long has stood,
 The verdant Honour of some peaceful Flood ;
 Thick with *Autumnal* Fruit is richly crown'd,
 And with its loaded Branches sweeps the Ground,
 No ruffling Winds its well spread Trunk can move,
 But fix'd, it smiles, the Beauty of the Grove.

Heav'n is on me, and I on it
 'Tis thus the righteous Man shall still be seen
 Gay in his Fruitage, and a lively green,
 No furious Passions in his Bosom roll,
 Calm is the even Motion of his Soul,
Heav'n is on me, and I on it
 His

His easy Mind shall all the Bliss receive
 Which ruddy Health and Innocence can give;
 In a soft Stream of Life he journeys on,
 And fair Success shall all his Actions crown.

But think, oh timely think, ye impious Crew!
 What dreadful Vengeance is reserv'd for you;
 Your empty Schemes shall fly before the Wind,
 Drive like the Chaff, and leave no track behind.
 To soon, vain Men, you'll find a Day will come,
 When God who sees your Crimes, will seal your doom;
 The poor opprest, who loud for Justice call,
 Shall wing your Fate, and triumph in your Fall.





A B S A L O M.

Psalm the Third Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

The Title of this Psalm sufficiently lets us into the Occasion of it, being call'd a Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his Son. It is likely it was written during the Rebellion, and delivered to the Master of the Musick to be sung after his Restoration.

A H fond Remembrance of my former State,
 There was a time when I in Glory fate,
 But oh, how chang'd, how abject is my Fate?
 See how the faithless Crowd by millions run
 To pay their homage to the rising Sun,
 For *Absalom* express their loudest Joy,
 And swell the Praises of th' aspiring Boy.
 Be gone, lost Man be gone, to me they cry,
 To wilds remote let wretched *David* fly;

'Tis

" 'Tis time, high time to give up thy Command,
 " And yield thy Scepter to an abler Hand,
 " Fortune despairs to be thy constant Slave,
 " By turns she courts the youthful and the brave,
 " Wisely submit with patience to thy Doom,
 " Thy God himself declares for *Absalom*.

Such are the Taunts, great God, thy Servant hears,
 Which rather move my Pity than my Fears,
 Tho' in my lost Estate they all agree,
 This ne'er shall shake my Confidence in thee ;
 My God will give th' unhappy Exile Rest,
 And kindly sooth the sorrows of my Breast,
 Thy healing Word my People will asswage,
 Enforce their Duty, and restrain their Rage,
 Thro' the whole scene thy footsteps they shall trace,
 Confess thee God, and soften into Peace.

No gloomy Terror shall my Heart betray,
 Or steal my better Hopes in thee away.
 Whene'er my Soul address'd to thee in Pray'r,
 Didst thou my gracious God refuse to hear ?

Ah no, thy kind Concern out-strips the Wind,
 And leaves my poor deservings far behind.
 Lost as I am, and cover'd with Disgrace,
 Tho' gaping Ruin stares me in the Face,
 Calm and Serene, I think no danger near,
 But bid defiance to the threatening War;
 Unmov'd I listen to the noise of Arms,
 Or rest secure, and slumber in Alarms.
 Come then my keenest Foes, your Forces bring,
 And boldly meet in arms your aged King,
 To take your Monarch's Life come driving on,
 If Nature will permit thee, come —— my Son,
 Confront thy Father with thy hostile train,
 Extend thy Tents, and whiten all the plain;
 Yet oh! rash Youth the impious Act forbear,
 Think —— there's a God, and *David* is his Care.
 His Pow'r will blast at once thy boasted Might,
 And wither all thy courage in the Fight;
 Ah do not blindly pull thy Ruin down,
 Seek not thy Parent's Life, but guard thy own.

Oh

Oh Mighty God, vouchsafe a listning Ear,
 Speak comfort to my Soul, and grant my Pray'r;
 If for my People's good I'm forc'd to fly,
 I own the Justice, and submit to dye;
 But if my Actions with thy Word agree,
 Acknowledge thou my Cause, and fight for me:
 Yet oh! I'm loth thy Vengeance to implore,
 Much I am injur'd, yet can pardon more;
 He's young, he's rash, and blindly hurries on,
 Pleas'd with the dazzling Glories of a Crown:
 Oh turn his Heart, and let his Follow'r's see,
 That *David's* Foes are Enemies to thee;
 So shall we mingle in one heav'nly flame,
 Bless our good God, and praife his glorious Name.



GOLIAH.



GOLIAH.

Psalm the Eighth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm was composed by David as a Thanksgiving for his memorable and glorious Victory over the Giant Goliah, by which some Interpreters think was typified our Blessed L O R D's Conquest over the Devil and his Empire. David likewise takes an Occasion to extol the Bounty and Goodness of God to Mankind in general, and to make them sensible that the highest Acknowledgments are due to that Superior Being, who is the great Author and Fountain of all our Blessings.

Great God, in awful Majesty arise,
Unveil thy matchless Glories to our Eyes,
Do thou the Splendour of thy Throne express,
Since our weak Thought but makes thy Grandeur less.

GOLIAH

How

How grov'ling must this Scene of Nature be,
 When Heav'n it self is poor compar'd to thee!
 How oft have Babes perform'd thy dread Command,
 And Sucklings thrown the Thunder of thy Hand!
 Weakness it self has prov'd thy wondrous Might,
 And Giants shrunk to Pigmies in thy Sight,
 For which, 'tis fit the mighty Debt I pay,
 And thank my God for *Dammin's* glorious Day;
 Tho' Songs of Triumph thro' our Cities flew,
 That *Saul* his thousands, I ten thousands flew,
 Oh let thy grateful *Israel* justly see
 The People's Praise was due alone to thee.

Harmonious Peace to rougher War must yield,
 Since our proud Foes had call'd us to the Field,
 Their Numbers much Assurance could afford,
 But more they trusted to *Goliath's* Sword.
 They thought in him they could of Millions boast,
 Himself an Army, and his Spear an Host;
 He, he alone was still the constant Theme,
 The Ornament of War, and Boast of Fame.

On a mean Errand to my Brethren sent,
 Yet call'd by thee my GOD, with joy I went ;
 Goliah fir'd my Heart, I swiftly ran,
 And long'd to see this Wonder of a Man ;
 I thought him tedious, but at last he came,
 Nor was his Height unequal to his Fame.
 Tall and erect the goodly Monster stood,
 Tall as some lofty Oak, it self a Wood,
 Clad in resplendent Brafs he shone from far,
 In all the gaudy Equipage of War,
 He seem'd the Plain to measure with a Stride,
 Contemn'd our Armies, and our God defy'd ;
 Our bravest Chiefs stood trembling at the Sight,
 Renounc'd the promis'd Bride, and shun'd the Fight.

When lo, a sudden Zeal my Bosom warm'd,
 Glow'd in each Vein, and all my Fancy charm'd ;
 I knew from thee the Inspiration came,
 I hail'd the Ardour, and I bless'd the Flame :
 Unarm'd, yet dauntless I resolv'd to go,
 And singly meet this mountain of a Foe ;

Not shall he long, I cry'd, my Pow'r withstand,
 But dye a Victim by a Stripling's Hand.
 He fell, when first he dar'd the Pow'r Divine,
 The Lot is cast, and Victory is mine.

Now from my Sling th' unerring Stone is fled,
 And finds a Passage to the Boaster's Head;
 He falls, he falls, his clatt'ring Arms resound,
 Rage choaks his dying Groans, he bites the Ground,
 Whilst Life's warm Stream came pouring from the
 (Wound.)

So when the bless'd *Messiah's* Star shall rise,
 And gladden with its Beams the *Eastern* Skies,
 The rebel Angel will with Envy burn,
 His own sad Lot, and ruin'd Empire mourn;
 All baffled and disgrac'd, yet loth to yield,
 The conq'ring Infant drives him from the Field;
 Rais'd on his fable Wings he shoots away,
 And dreads the Sunshine of his riper Day;
 With Grief he quits these abdicated Plains,
 Immortal and untam'd his Pride remains,
 Sullen he champs the Bit, and struggles with his Chains.

When

When struck with deep Surprize I musing stand,
 And gaze upon the Creatures of thy Hand,
 Whilst on the Stars I cast my wondring Eye,
 And view those glorious Worlds that roll on high,
 From Thought to Thought my lab'ring Soul is tost,
 And my whole Man in silent Rapture lost :
 Ah what are we, great G o D, that we should prove
 Thy fav'rite Care, and Objects of thy Love ?
 What was it, Glorious Being, thou couldst see,
 What was this hidden Excellence in me ?
 Why did my Lot above my Brethren's shine,
 The Birth-right theirs, and yet the Kingdom mine ?
 Nor is thy Favour fix'd to me alone,
 Nor is thy Love confin'd to Jeſſe's Son ;
 Mankind thy vast extensive Goodness share,
 Feed on thy Bounty, and confess thy Care ;
 Man's glorious Lot is rais'd to that degree,
 Angels themselves scarce shine more bright than he ;
 To him thy delegated Pow'r is giv'n,
 To Man, the happy Substitute of Heav'n,

For him the yellow Year is sweetly crown'd,
 And smiling Nature walks it's annual round ;
 Earth, Air, and swelling Seas obedient stand,
 And give up all their Treasures to his Hand ;
 With Plenty load his hospitable Board,
 And pay a willing Homage to their Lord.

O that my Tongue could bear an equal Part,
 And justly speak the Dictates of my Heart,
 For ever I could dwell upon thy Name,
 And make thy Love, thy boundless Love my Theme.
 But oh, in vain I touch the trembling Strings,
 The fainting Muse descends, and hangs her Wings ;
 Sleep, sleep my Lyre, and take thy wonted Rest,
 His Love is wondrous all, and cannot be exprest.

The MESSIAH.

Psalm the Sixteenth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm of David's is justly reckoned a most excellent Piece, in which his great Faith and Confidence in God, his Patience, and Love of Virtue are all express'd in a most lively and delicate manner: But above all, this Psalm has the Honour to contain a most exalted Prophecy of the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour from the Dead. It was written in his Banishment at Gath.

WHere-e'er my solitary Steps I bend,
In vain the wretched Exile seeks a Friend:
O mighty GOD, thy injur'd Servant hear,
And let my suff'ring Virtue be thy Care;

To thee my trembling Heart for Safety flies; d wH
 Do thou propitious grant what Earth denies: d bA
 Then let the Tempest rage, new Dangers grow, d T
 Mankind my Hunters, and the World my Foe; d A
 Tho' hungry Ruin has me in the Wind, d wH
 Tho' *Saul*, avenging *Saul* should stalk beh'nd, d H
 My fiercest Foes undaunted I'll abide, bns abdineS
 Thy Arm my Shield, thy Providence my Guide, aA

Let others covet to be falsly great, A visliw or T
 And on their Subjects rain build their State; d bA
 Let Virtue starving in their Courts be found, d od T
 Whilst thriving Flatt'ry walks its painted round; d A
 But when thy heav'nly Will shall fix my Throne, I
 And call thy promis'd Servant to the Crown, b wod
 No courtly Falshood shall my Mind controul, 2 vM
 Nor taint the native Whiteness of my Soul; psiq bA
 Far from my Sight I'll drive an abject Slave, bH
 But raife the worthy, and reward the brave. d abdineT
 The hatdy Patriot who reveres the Laws, d wH
 And dares to suffer in his Country's Cause, H non W

He, he alone shall have his Monarch's Trust,
 And find it meritorious — to be just:
 The good, the virtuous, shall my Fav'rites be,
 And they shall gain the King, who trust in thee.

How blind must this deluded Realm appear?
 All gods, except the true, are worshipp'd here,
 Senseless and dumb their idiot Idols stand,
 And spread an empty Terror thro' the Land;
 The wily Artist makes a gainful Trade,
 And kneels before the gods himself has made:
 The frantick Priests disdain'd with human Gore,
 Affright the Rabble — and the Fools adore.
 Let the unthinking Herd submissive fall,
 Bow down to *Dagon*, or invoke their *Baal*;
 My Soul such vast Impiety shall flee,
 And place its wiser Confidence in thee.

Hail lovely *Canaan*, hail, where *Israel's* Lord
 Exacts thy Praise, and justly is ador'd;
 How fair will be my Lot, thou Gift Divine,
 When Heav'n shall give me leave to call thee mine?

He promis'd, who can ne'er my Hopes deceive,

And what I cannot merit, God can give.

For this my Lyre shall charm the list'ning crowd,

And sweetly tell my Gratitude aloud;

To wond'ring Worlds his gracious Acts proclaim,

Whilst speaking Strings express my glorious Flame :

'Twas God alone that Prudence could impart,

Prudence the kind Instructor of my Heart.

When for my Life a thousand Nets were spread,

And jealous Rage hung hov'ring o'er my Head;

To ey'ry Wind I gave my empty Fear,

Secure I trod, and mock'd the fatal Snare,

Nor could I want a Guide whilst he was near.

Be calm my Soul, and take thy wonted Rest,

Be hush'd each busy Tumult of my Breast,

What tho' I wander in an abject State,

And sullen Clouds look frowning on my Fate?

What tho' I'm forc'd a Tyrant's Rage to flee?

His Darts may wound himself, but hurt not me.

The Man whom **GOD** protects can never fall,
 Superiour I look down, and smile at *Saul*:
 My **GOD** will cause these gath'ring **Storms** to cease,
 And speak their angry Motions into **Peace**:
 To *Halcyon Days* I still shall be restor'd,
 And *Isra'l* yet shall own her promis'd **Lord**.

So when the great *Messiah* shall arise,
 And **GOD** shall stand confess'd to mortal Eyes;
 Ah! what return shall the Redeemer find
 For proffer'd Pardon, and for Life design'd?
 A sinful World its Saviour shall disown,
 And with curs'd Thorns his bleeding Temples crown;
 Sharp is the Fate he must expect to meet,
 Sharp as those Nails which pierc'd his sacred Feet.
 Unthinking Crowds shall stand deriding by,
 Can they deride, for whom he came to dye?
 But oh! when Earth and Hell shall be at strife,
 And struggle which shall hold the **Lord** of Life;
 Thou shalt his Body from Corruption save,
 And raise the King of Glory from the **Grave**.

I fee,

I see, I see, the World's Redeemer rise,
 And in a slow Ascension mount the Skies ;
 The op'ning Heav'ns with loud *Hosannah's* ring,
 Whilst crowding Angels meet and hail their King.



The *TRIUMPH* of *FAITH*.

Psalm Twentieth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm was written by David, in which he introduces his People praying for his Success in his intended Expedition against the Ammonites and the Syrians: They leave it to their Enemies to trust in their armed Chariots and their Horses, but promise God Almighty that their whole Trust and Confidence shall be in him, whereby they assure themselves of a signal and glorious Victory.

Health to our King; may Jacob's GOD give ear,
Accept thy pious Vows, and grant thy pray'r,
Since haughty Syria with its loud Alarms,
Invites thee forth, and calls thy Soul to Arms:

May

May *Isra'l's* Lord the Expedition bless,
 And crown his righteous Warrior with Success,
 From *Sion* may he fend, his lov'd Abode,
 And pour out all the Terrors of the God ;
 Whilst his bright Host in rapid Whirlwinds ride,
 And range their glorious Battel on thy side.

Come then, ye Boasters of the Field, appear,
 Invoke your molten Gods, and rush to War,
 Exert your Prowess on that glorious Day,
 And seize the Spoils of *Judah* as your Prey ;
 Yet oh what means this Terror in your Bands ?
 Why drop your useless Weapons from your hands ?
 Is this the promis'd Courage ye should shew ?
 Is this th' expected Conquest o'er your Foe ?
 Return vain Men, the fatal Field beware,
 Too well ye know the God who'll meet ye there.

Let the proud *Syrian* of his Chariots boast,
 And march in long Array his dreadful Host ;
 Let *Ammon* wave their Banners in the Air,
 Or draw the Bow, and shake the pointed Spear ;

Yet

Yet our good God, who fights upon our Side,
 Will break their Battel, and confound their Pride.
 Ev'n now he seems to put forth all his Rage,
 The Conflict rises, and the Troops engage;
 Our eager Fancy forms the wondrous Sight,
 And draws the lively Horrors of the Fight.
 A thousand Deaths fly scatter'd thro' the Field,
 And fearful *Ammon* thinks it safe to yield ;
 Dire slaughter rages in a crimson Flood,
 And *Syria*'s fading Glory sets in Blood ;
 Our conqu'ring Monarch drives along the Plain,
 O'er piles of gasping Chiefs, o'er Hills of Slain :
 'Tis thus for Triumph we prepare the way,
 And our firm Faith anticipates the Day.

Just is our Cause for which the War's begun,
 'Tis Heav'n that calls, and *David* leads us on ;
 O mighty God, his great Protector be,
 The Hope of *Israel* we commit to thee :
 Give him in glorious Deeds to prove his Might,
 And man his Soul with Courage in the Fight,

Thy

Thy stretch'd-out Arms around the Champion spread,
 And kindly cover his Anointed Head:
 From thee alone Success and Conquest spring,
 O prosper thou his Arms, and bless our King.



The S T O R M.

Psalm the Twenty ninth Paraphrased,

The ARGUMENT.

Some think that this Psalm was not composed by David, but that it was written in the Reign of Hezekiah, when the Army of Barbarians under Senacherib was discomfited by the stroke of an Angel from Heaven, but it seems rather to be a Thanksgiving for some Victory obtained over the Enemy, in which God Almighty had signalized his Power, by terrifying the Idolatrous Army with some extraordinary Wind, Thunder, Lightning and Rain. There is something so very delicate in this little Ode, that it is most probable it was written by no one but David.

A Rise, O *Israel*, know the Lord,
With flow'ry Garlands strew the Way;

A thou-

A thousand Victims, white and pure,
 Upon the smoaking Altars lay,
 Profusely lavish all your store,
 'Confess the Godhead, and adore;
 With Songs of Praise, your great Deliv'rer meet,
 Unbounded as his Love, and as his Mercy sweet.

II.

When Winds and Waves in conflict join,
 And long the watry War sustain,
 'Tis he, who, cloath'd with dreadful pow'r,
 Asserts the empire of the Main,
 Whilst o'er the Billows back he strides,
 Or in the furious Eddy rides;
 Old Ocean at his Voice begins to roar,
 Roll's his insulting Waves, and proudly braves the Shore.

III.

'Tis he the fatal Shaft prepares,
 Which does a guilty Age controul;

His

His burst of Thunder shakes the Earth,
 His subtle Lightnings melt the Soul;
 The savage kind hear and obey,
 And savage Man, more fierce than they;
 Whilst his red Arm prepares the Bolt to throw,
 Flies from his Wrath divine, and dreads th'impending
 (Blow.

IV.

His Anger gives to winds their wings,
 Which with their breath the Forest rend;
 Tall Cedars split beneath the blast,
 Or like the humble Oziers bend:
 In vain the Herds to covert fly,
 In vain they shun his piercing Eye;
 Ev'n *Libanus* and *Sirion*, whilst they hear,
 Start at his awful Voice, and wonder why they fear,

V.

Happy *Israel*, chosen Tribes,
 With softer Notes your hours beguile,

Tune

Tune ev'ry Lyre to sing his Praise,
 Who makes the peaceful Olive smile ;
 The happy Fruit securely taste,
 Of glorious Toils, and Danger past :
 His Word shall cause destructive Rage to cease,
 And bind the jarring World in everlasting Peace.



The Happy DECEIT.

Psalm the Thirty fourth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

David writ this Psalm during the Time he was persecuted by Saul, and after he had escaped from the Court of Achish the King of Gath. He had observed the Courtiers looked on him with a malicious Eye, and fearing they might persuade the King to put him to Death, as the most dangerous of all his Enemies, he was forced to counterfeit Madness, in hopes by that means to deceive Achish, and oblige him to overlook and despise him as a Person of no Consequence, and not worth his Resentment. He acted his Part so well, that he succeeded to his wish, but owns that so lucky a thought in so great a time of Danger, could only proceed from God, and accordingly returns Thanks for so miraculous a Deliverance. The Doctrine which he raises

ses from the foregoing Occasion is this, That a good Man in time of Danger must not trust in his own Strength and Sufficiency, nor fly to any unjust or unwarrantable Methods for his Relief, but that his Confidence must be placed in God alone, from whom he may expect a seasonable and certain Protection.

TO thee, O gracious GOD, my Voice I raise,
Assist my Numbers, and accept my Praise;
My great Deliv'rance I will still rehearse,
And make thy Love the subject of my Verse;
Whilst thankful *Isra'l* shall around me stand,
And grateful own the Favours of thy Hand.

Ah whither could a wretched Exul run,
When jealous *Saul* pursu'd his guiltless Son?
To *Gath* I wander'd as my last resort,
A helpless Stranger in a foreign Court;
The wond'ring Nobles on each other stare,
And could not well believe they saw me there.

" What, *David*, and in *Gath*? it cannot be,
 " He meets the Ruin which he means to flee;
 " In an ill hour the simple Youth is fled,
 " And kindly brings us his devoted Head.
 " Will he in *Gath* his mighty Prowess boast
 " Our baffled Armies, and our slaughter'd Host?
 " Or does he come to offer us his Sword,
 " And own our Royal *Achish* for his Lord?
 " Let not such idle hopes the Youth deceive,
 " He cannot merit Grace, nor we forgive.

Such Words as these in broken hints I hear,
 And saw too well what cause I had to fear:
 Backward to fly was now alas too late,
 My only hope was in a just Deceit;
 From thee alone the happy thought could come,
 To save thy Servant, and prevent my Doom.

And now prepar'd to act my part I go,
 In dress a Madman, and a Wretch in shew;
 A thousand party-colour'd Rags are spread
 O'er all my Limbs, and Straws adorn my Head;

Sometimes I idly sing, or laugh aloud,
 And nimbly dance fantastick thro' the Crowd;
 With loose, unjointed Letters mark the Floor,
 Point to the Skies, or scrable on the Door;
 Sometimes I musing stand in deep Surprise,
 Then wildly start, and roll my haggard Eyes;
 The thronging Courtiers to the Sight resort,
 Smile at my Gestures, and applaud the Sport.

This *Acbush* saw, from where aloft he sat,
 Joyful he saw, and triumph'd o'er my Fate.
 " Our Gods at length he cry'd, have done us right,
 " Come near, and set that Caitif in my sight,
 " Is this the Hero who our Envy drew ?
 " Whose Infant Arm the great *Goliah* slew ?
 " Go, bear the wild Companion back to School,
 " Has *Isra'l* as a Present sent its Fool ?
 " Thy worthless Life I freely thee allow,
 " Not thy own Harp, poor Wretch, can cure thee now.
 Inward I smil'd, and blefs'd the lucky Part,
 Accept, great GOD, the tribute of my Heart;

No Hand but thine such Mercy could have shewn,
 The Scene, the wondrous Scene was all thy own ;
 On thee alone our utmost Views depend,
 The just good Man's Protector, and his Friend :
 O may he never of his Wisdom boast,
 Or in superiour Cunning fix his Trust :
 Never in private act the wiley Thief,
 Or basely fly to Rapine for Relief.
 No, let the hungry Lion scow'r away,
 And o'er the sandy Desart hunt for Prey ;
 Where barren Wilds but small subsistence yield,
 Or chance denies the tribute of the Field :
 But a good Man can never want a Feast,
 Of Providence, a sure and welcome Guest.
 What tho' conspiring Earth and Hell have join'd,
 To rack his Quiet, and unhinge his Mind ?
 The more oppres'd, he shines divinely great,
 And rises still superiour to his Fate.
 Let haughty Tyrants threaten from afar,
 And fiercely meditate invasive War ;

Let various Ruin with his Soul engage,
 Let Thunder loudly roar, and Tempests rage,
 His well pois'd Mind no angry Threats can scare,
 Full of his God, he scorns all thoughts of Fear.

Listen my faithful *Isra'l* to my Word,
 And wisely learn Experience from your Lord;
 Do ye resolve t'attain the better Part,
 Ease to the Mind, and Comfort to the Heart?
 If a long Lease of Life be worth your care,
 And vig'rous Health to make the Blessing dear;
 Of weak Dispute avoid the fev'rish heat,
 Nor vainly seek for Conquest in Debate,
 Nor let your Tongues be practis'd in Deceit. }
 Let a just Mind thro' all your acts appear,
 Free, undesigning, honest, and sincere:
 Be ready still the wretched to relieve,
 And what Heav'n freely grants, as freely give;
 All seeds of Variance from your Bosoms chace,
 For know, the Road to Happiness is Peace.

Let not the charms of Sin your Heart deceive,
 Nor the false Scene too easily believe,
 What tho' a wicked Man is serv'd in State,
 Flatter'd, caress'd, and courted by the Great ?
 A conscious Flame within his Bosom burns,
 When seen, he triumphs, but in secret, mourns :
 Industrious to conceal the painful smart,
 The mortal Wound lies fest'ring at his Heart ;
 Till God provok'd, at length, his Rage to shew,
 Bares his red Arm, and strikes th' avenging Blow.

Now learn the happier Fortune of the Just,
 Firm to his God, and faithful to his Trust ;
 See what a modest, what superiour Grace,
 Shines thro' his Frame, and lightens in his Face ;
 No fullen Cloud upon his Brow is seen,
 All Paradise without, all Heav'n within :
 Nay, should his God some short-liv'd Anger shew,
 Let loose his Terrors, and denounce his Woe ;
 Should he his well-concerted measures blast,
 And lay around his large Possessions waste ;

He knows his fiery Tryal is at hand,
 And mans his Bosom for a glorious stand:
 Speechless and faint the humble Suff'rer lies,
 Yet upwards looks, and thanks him with his Eyes;
 Till GOD relenting, bids his Sorrows cease,
 And crowns his Faith with Honour and Success.





S I O N Preserv'd.

Psalm the Forty eighth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm was written, as it is thought, by some of the Sons of Korah. It was design'd as a triumphal Ode, occasioned by the Defeat of the Confederate Kings who intended to lay Siege to Jerusalem under the Reign of Jehosaphat: But their Army being stricken with a Panick Fear, fell foul on each other, and were all cut to pieces. This miraculous Preservation of the Holy City is attributed to God alone: And this Ode being set to Musick, was sung in the Temple on that solemn Occasion.

I.

GUARDIAN of *Isra'l*, Heav'nly KING,

GWhat lasting Monuments of Praise

Shall thy joyful People raise?

What costly Off'rings shall they bring?

What

What Danger can our Souls dismay ?

Anxious Care be far away,

To GOD alone we dedicate the Day,

Hither bring the tuneful Lyre,

Whose artful Sounds his Praife shall speak,

Safety and Peace our Thanks require ;

Then bid the sleeping Strings awake.

The swelling Notes about my Fingers throng,

Whilst list'ning Worlds applaud, and own the grateful

(Song.

II.

Lovely *Sion*, bright Abode,

Widely thy flowing Beauties spread,

Lovely *Sion* lift thy Head,

Worthy the Presence of thy GOD :

Whate'er the curious Eye can see

In Nature's richest Livery,

Crowns thy triumphant Brow, and smiles on thee.

Northward where glitt'ring Spires arise,

Jerusalem in Glory stands,

Proudly

Proudly she seems to mate the Skies,
 And all the subje& Plain commands ;
 When hostile Nations threaten from afar,
 Safe in her God she smiles, and mocksth' impending War.

III.

In vain Confed'rate Monarchs stood,
 Firmly in solemn League combin'd,
 In vain their mutual Force they join'd,
 Arms their Delight, and War their Food ;
 Ill-fated Frenzy drives them on,
 They think the glorious Land their own,
 And ev'n in Dreams assault and take the Town.
 Chear'd with the sprightly Trumpet's sound,
 They march in terrible Array,
 With their hoarfe Cries they shake the Ground,
 Their burnish'd Helms reflect the Day ;
 The Squadrons move a long extended train,
 Their white, their wanton Steeds praunce slowly o'er
 (the Plain.

IV. Our

IV.

Our God look'd down, and mark'd their Pride,
 He saw their idle Vanity,
 Ill-grounded Rage, and Treachery,
 And thousand various Ills beside ;
 Go forth my Terrors, strait he cries,
 Cold Fears, Distrust, and Jealousies,
 Go freeze their Hearts, and seal those Mad-
 (men's Eyes.)

When lo, amazing shapes appear
 Ghastly, and hideous to the Sight,
 Thick swarming in the drowsy Air,
 They make at once a sudden Night ;
 Earth yawns, and sickens at the dreadful shew,
 Silent they skim the Field, and seize the trembling Foe.

V.

An awful Trump was heard to sound,
 Whilst the pale Squadrons wildly gaze ;

Foul

Foul rout begins, and dire Disgrace,
 And mutual Slaughter stalks around :
 Deaf to their threatening Leader's call,
 Thousands fly, and thousands fall,
 And one extensive Ruin swallows all.
 Here blindly Friends with Friends engage,
 By turns they lose, by turns succeed,
 New Fury animates their Rage,
 And makes th' exulting Victors bleed :
 Heaps pil'd on Heaps a bloody Prospect yield,
 Helms, Shields, and broken Spears bestrew the fatal
(Field.

VI.

So when a rich and goodly Fleet,
 From *Ophir*, or from *Tarshish* sails,
 They court the gently swelling Gales,
 And smiling Suns with Pleasure greet :

But

But oh, when black'ning Clouds arise,
 And the rough Surge insults the Skies,
 The wretched Crew stand stupid with Surprise.
 Helpless they on each other gaze,
 Distracting Fear their Thoughts controls,
 Pale Horror glares on ev'ry Face,
 And cold Despair benumbs their Souls:
 To the tall Shrowds with mournful cries they fly,
 There grasp a short Reprieve before they sink and die.

VII.

Ye Sons of *Isra'l*, Race divine,

This wondrous Act shall grace the Page,

Which rolls thro' each succeeding Age,

And in eternal Annals shine.

Lovely *Sion*, grateful say,

Who was it drove thy Foes away?

Whose was the Arm that fought that glorious

(Day?)

Weak

Weak were thy Bulwarks, vain thy Force,
 Far, far unequal to engage ;
 No pow'r of thine could stop their Course,
 Or hope to save thee from their Rage ;
 Confess a Truth, acknowledg'd by the Foe,
 'Twas *Isra'ls* Gon alone who struck the deadly Blow.

Oft have we heard our Fathers boast,

What Acts, great GOD, were done by thee ;

Which, tho' they great and wondrous be,

Are in succeeding Wonders lost.

On thy just Praise let *Moses* dwell,

The Prophet's sacred Song will tell,

How *Ægypt's* King with all his Millions fell.

Whilst happy we with Joy confess,

From thee our present Blessings spring ;

As

As of thy tender Love's encrease,
Some future Bard shall sweetly sing.

In all Distress thy Succour we implore,
And *Isra'l*'s Sons thy Name for ever will adore.



The Rich M A N not always the
Happy M A N.

Psalm the Forty ninth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm was not written by David, but by an unknown Hand. It sets forth to us the Pride, Insolence and Vanity of the Rich, from which it endeavours to reclaim them, by pressing a cool and calm Consideration upon their latter End. It is a fine Invective against all such as prefer Wealth, Pomp, and false Glory, to a true and solid Happiness, which can be attained only by a virtuous and religious Course of Life.

Listen, ye Sons of Isra'�, to my Voice,
If sacred Truth, if Wisdom be your Choice;
No trivial Subject shall my Silence break,
Your Good demands the willing Muse should speak:

From

From low Pursuits and little Contests cease,
And learn the Way to Happiness and Peace.

Why should the Soul of large Possessions boast,
Or hunt for Honour at its Virtue's cost?
What tho' the Child of Fortune stands possessed
Of all the shining Treasures of the *East*?
What tho' the subject World he proudly braves,
And crowds his Palace with attending Slaves?
What tho' he wears the Day in soft Delight,
Or with a sprightly Goblet crowns the Night?
Alas! can all these empty Nothings save
Or snatch his lov'd Companion from the Grave?
Will the grim Tyrant Death arrested stand,
And humbly wait for Orders from his Hand?
Ah no, the mighty Price of his Reprieve
Is more, much more than all the World can give;
The wealthy and the poor promiscuous fall,
And Death, which makes them equal, seizes all.
Yet see, the vain, th' unthinking Thing goes on,
And bids his laughing Minutes smoothly run.

A sour Disdain o'er all his Face is spread,
 Stiff is his Motion, and erect his Head;
 To the few Rich he opens wide his Door,
 He feasts the wealthy, but he starves the poor.
 Learn now the ground of all this gilded Cheat,
 And why the Man first bustled to be great:
 He fancy'd he should flourish still the same,
 And down to latest Times transmit his Name:
 He thought his stately Fabrick would record,
 " Such was my mighty Master, such my Lord.
 All this he dream'd, by Flattery deceiv'd,
 His Pride affirm'd it, and the Fool believ'd.
 Is this the happy Man whom ye approve?
 Is this the wondrous Object of your Love?
 See how Fate pulls the proud Aspirer down,
 And in his certain Ruin read your own.
 Tho' for a time this gilded Fly could play,
 Bask in the Sunshine, and enjoy the Day,
 Tho' fresh Delights before his Eyes were spread,
 And his gay Hours flew lightly o'er his Head;

Yet all this gaudy Dream of Pleasure past,
 Behold him on his Death-bed stretch'd at last;
 Observe the Fears which in his Bosom roll;
 And with a mortal Anguish tear his Soul:
 One thought above the rest divides his Heart,
 He, and his much lov'd Mammon are to part:
 His weeping Sons around their Parent stand,
 And whilst his Eyes are closing, seize his Land;
 Quick to the Grave they hurry out the Dead,
 And piously they revel o'er his Head.

Great God, if ever it should prove my Fate
 To doat on Pelf, and covet to be great,
 Snatch me, oh snatch me from so mean a part,
 And kindly change the Purpose of my Heart,
 Enlarge my Soul, from vile Corruption free,
 Give me thro' all the idle Dream to see,
 And fix my nobler Hopes on future Blis, and thee.

Repine not then, my Friends, if Pomp and Shew,
 Free to the Sinner, are deny'd to you.

Why should ye envy him, whose Lot is worse?
 For, what he thinks a Blessing, proves a Curse:
 Condemn'd to live most miserably great,
 The worst of WRETCHES, is a WRETCH OF STATE.
 As a poor Brute, by some kind Master fed,
 Stretch'd on the Ground at ease reclines his Head;
 Free from Reflexion, undisturb'd with Strife,
 In pleasure treads his little round of Life;
 He frisks, he eats, he trifles out his Day,
 Then dies, and mingles with his Kindred Clay.

So when a wealthy Fool his Race has run,
 He falls unpity'd as his Sire had done,
 And with his Father sleeps the Good-for-nothing Son.



Sentence pronounc'd upon Sinners.

Psalm the Fiftieth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm is thought to be written by Asaph, in the Days of Hezekiah, who though a pious Prince himself, yet could not reform the Abuses which had crept in among the People. It contains a fine Satyr upon the reigning Vices of the Times, it lasshes them for their poor and wretched Hypocrisy in placing all Religion in Show, Sacrifices, Rites and Ceremonies: It points out the Doctors of the Law and the Judges--- It taxes them with Robbery, Adultery, Defamation and Corruption. The Psalmist represents the Divine Majesty after the Manner of an earthly Prince coming out of his Palace with his Ensigns of Terror, carried before him, and surrounded with his Officers of Justice to pass Sentence upon some notorious Offenders, and to inflict

*that condign Punishment on them which
their Crimes had deserved.*

From Sign's lofty Palaces on high,
Above the spacious Circuit of the Sky,
Where Heav'n's bright Guards around th' Almighty
(stand,

And swiftly execute their Lord's Command;
Remotest Worlds shall see their Maker come,
And hear the righteous Judge pronounce their Doom,
Whilst Nature works with a convulsive throw,
And rising Tempests shake the Earth below.

O *Isra'l*, whither wilt thou speed thy Way?
What Pow'r can save thee in that fearful Day?
When GOD provok'd, in Judgment shall appear,
And thou rebellious must thy Sentence hear.

As when from *Sinai*'s top th' Almighty spoke,
The Valley trembled, and the Mountain shook,
It shook, it heard his Thunder burst away,
Amaz'd it saw his dreadful Lightning play,
And round the Presence cast a glare of Day.

Thus,

Thus, where in glorious Majesty he shone,
 O think ye still behold him on the Throne;
 And see, he rises with an awful Nod,
 Be hush'd ye guilty Worlds, and hear your GOD.

— Now *Israel* — — —

I come, perhaps unsought, thy Ways to prove,
 And give the promis'd Tokens of my Love:
 Draw near — — what means so unassur'd a Pace?
 And why those rising Blushes in thy Face?
 Let guilty Minds be of their Judge afraid,
 Have ye forgot the Promise which ye made?
 When your Fore-fathers at my Altars stood,
 And swore the mutual League confirm'd by Blood.
 I fear thou hast, — — and yet thy Victims slain
 Profusely fall in heaps, and choak the Plain;
 And canst thou calmly act so mean a Part?
 What *Isra'l*! Did thy Off'rings want an Heart?
 Is this the way in which my Paths ye trod?
 Are Bulls and Rams thought worthy of thy GOD?

Strange Presents to a Pow'r who nothing needs, ^{and I}
 The Sinner triumphs, — but the Victim bleeds: ^o
 How could ye think a simple Goat my due? ^o
 And if I'm hungry, must I call to you? ^{by Balaam}
 Look round where-e'er those Luminaries shine,
 Then name the World, and know that World is mine;
 The various Fowl which o'er its Regions fly, ^{in the}
 Which love to row the Lake, or wing the Sky:
 'Twas I who form'd; I claim them as my own,
 Their Names, their Natures, and their Haunts are known;
 The Flocks, which on a thousand Hills I see,
 Vain as thou art, ^o ~~you are indeed a fool now and w~~
 Thou surely canst not think were made by thee.
 Dost thou pretend to fathom all my Might,
 And count those Wonders unreveal'd to sight? ^{nor I}
 Alas, deluded Men, my Pow'r is shewn,
 Where ev'n the Name of *Isra'l* is unknown. ^o
 Before my Altars would'st thou bend thy Knee,
 And make thy Vows acceptable to me? ^{an allusion}

To

To those who need thy Herds, those Herds impart,
 I claim the Tribute of a contrite Heart; Moral note of the
 That glorious Victim must thy Pardon plead, End of the
 Let not the Bullock, but the Conscience bleed. Soul of
 But oh, how ill these Thoughts with thine agree, T
 Why do I name a contrite Heart to thee? A
 To thee my nearest, and my dearest Foe, W
 The Child of Passion, and the Slave of Shew: A
 There was a time when ye rever'd my Name, H y d T
 And ev'ry Breast avow'd the sacred Flame, W
 But now superior Charms have catch'd your Sight,
 As a new GOD was always thy Delight; W
 Pow'r, Pomp, and Noise what Hebrew can resist? W
 O glorious Words! — the Temple, and the Priest: T
 These are the reigning Idols of thy Mind, W
 Whilst Charity and Faith fall short behind. W
 And is it thus that ye expound my Word, W
 What, are my Servants grown above their Lord? T
 The Men who reason thus, Religion wound, A o N
 Virtue consists in Substance, not in Sound: W
W

In vain ye build a Place for my Abode,
Name not the TEMPLE, when ye quit the GOD.

Fond as thou art to do the injur'd right,
Should some unguarded House be robb'd by Night,
The Thief may rest secure, he knows his Fine,
As reck'ning upon half the Booty thine.

When some fond Youth with silent Steps is led,
And fir'd with Lust, defiles his Neighbour's Bed,
Thy Heart may well excuse the guilty Pair,
Since ev'n the foul Adultery is there.

Swift to find Fault, yet ever in the wrong,
Who can recount the Murders of thy Tongue?
Wher-e'er thy Venom throws its Darts around,
Thy injur'd Brother needs no second Wound;
The want of Fact a fruitful Lye supplies,
Whilst at each Word his blasted Honour dies;
Whole Worlds the Triumph of thy Malice fall,
Thy unrelenting Satyr levels all;
No Age, no Sex is from thy Censure free,
To follow Truth is Crime enough with thee.

O Isra'l,

O Isra'l, whither do thy Vices tend?
Lost to thy GOD, and faithless to thy Friend,
When Courts of Law your rev'rend Sages hold,
Write thou above — HERE'S JUSTICE TO BE SOLD,
The largest Sum their fix'd Attention draws,
Their Bus'nes is the Bribe, and not the Cause;
A wealthy Claimant can be cast by none,
But friendless Want is sure to be undone.

Such is the Scene in which ye act your Part,
And such the boasted Zeal that warms your Heart;
Ye dream'd your GOD would never more appear,
Far out of Sight, and too remote to hear;
My want of Pow'r ye measur'd by your own,
And fondly thought I slept upon the Throne;
Careless, unmindful of my great Decree,
And that I left the subject World to thee;
But ye shall find ———
Yes, Traitors, ye shall feel my Pow'r, and me :
My stretch'd-out Arm shall lift the chastning Rod,
And prove the Vengeance of an angry GOD.

Ye

Ye faithful Few, who have obey'd my Word,
 As still there some remain who bless the L O R D ,
 I give the Praises to your Virtue due,
 Unbounded is the Joy reserv'd for you;
 My Mercy's Arms your Spirits shall enfold,
 And recompence your Toils with Crowns of Gold;
 My chosen *Isra'l* shall my Glory see,
 Obtain the bright Reward, and reign in Bliss with me,





The ROYAL PENITENT.

Psalm the Fifty first Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Psalm, David in a very moving Manner bewails the Sin which he had committed with Bathsheba, and the Murder of Uriah. Having a severe Judgment pronounced against him by Nathan the Prophet, he humbleth himself before God, and begs Pardon with the lowest Submission. His Thoughts are tender and highly passionate, and carry in them an Air of that Sorrow and Compunction which are necessary to form a just and acceptable Repentance: The whole Psalm is work'd up with great Piety and Devotion, and above all, the tender Concern which he expresses for his People, and for Jerusalem, lest they should suffer for his Fault, makes the Conclusion inimitable.

Great God, with conscious Blushes, lo I come
To cry for Pardon, or receive my Doom;

Buc

But oh, I die when I thy Anger meet,
 Prostrate I lay my Body at thy Feet:
 How can I dare to ask for a Reprieve?
 Must I still sin, and will my GOD forgive?
 Thy Justice cannot let thy Mercy flow,
 Strike then, oh strike, and give the deadly Blow:
 Do I still live, and do I live to prove
 The inexhausted Tokens of thy Love?
 This unexampled Goodness wounds me more
 Than ev'n the Wrath I merited before.

Oh I am all a Blot, the foulest shame
 Has stain'd my Sceptre, and disgrac'd my Name:
 A Name, which once I could with Honour boast,
 But now —— the Father of his People's lost:
 Tho' in the Paths of Wickedness I trod,
 Yet sure I must not lose thee all, my GOD!
 Some little Comfort to my Soul impart,
 I feel thee here triumphant at my Heart;

'Tis thou alone canst ease me of my Pain,
 Thy healing Hand can blot out ev'ry stain,
 Can purge my Mind, and make the Leper clean.

Tho' darkly thy mysterious Prophet spoke,
 Whilst from his Lips the fatal Message broke;
 Fix'd and amaz'd I stood confounded whole,
 Too soon his dreadful Meaning reach'd my Soul;
 THOU ART THE MAN —— has fix'd a deadly Smart,
 THOU ART THE MAN —— lies throbbing at my Heart.
 I am —— whate'er thy Anger can express,
 Nor can my Sorrow make my Follies less.

Rais'd, and exalted to the first Degree,
 Thy heav'nly Will had made the Monarch free.
 The fond Restraint of Man I scorn'd to own,
 But grasp'd the full Possession of a Crown:
 Indulg'd in Ease, I rul'd without control,
 And to its utmost Wish enjoy'd my Soul:
 Vain boast of Pow'r, which vanish'd into Air,
 Since I forgot the L ORD, who fix'd me there.

Was

Was it for this thou gav'st the glorious Land,
 And thy own Flock committed to my Hand?
 Was I the Shepherd to go first astray,
 Till Innocence it self became my Prey?
 Ah no, the Fault was mine, I stand alone,
 Be thine the Praise, who plac'd me on the Throne,
 The Guilt, the Folly, and the Shame my own.
 Before my Birth the fatal Stain began,
 And growing Vice pursu'd me into Man.
 Too close I follow'd where Enticement led,
 And in the pleasing Ruin plung'd my Head.
 How wretched is the Man, how lost his Mind,
 Whom Pleasure softens, or whom Passions blind?
 I should have met the Foe with equal Fires,
 And bravely combated my own Desires:
 I should — but oh too soon I fell, for Sin
 Had brib'd my Heart, and made a Foe within:
 I broke thro' all, tho' Conscience did its Part,
 Conscience, the faithful Guardian of the Heart.

How

How vile must I appear, how lost a Thing?
 The worst of Tyrants, and no more a King.
 O do not thou my abject state despise,
 But let my Soul find Favour in thy Eyes;
 Tho' loathsome is my Crime, and foul the Stain,
 The humble Suppliant never kneels in vain.

Amazing Terrors in my Bosom roll,
 And damp the rising vigour of my Soul;
 'Tis Guilt, 'tis conscious Guilt that shakes my Frame,
 That chills my Ardent, and benights my Flame:
 Ah mighty God, vouchsafe thy quick'ning Ray,
 Drive from my Mind these gath'ring Clouds away,
 One kind Regard can give again the Day.
 If e'er my artless Youth was thy Delight,
 If e'er my Soul was precious in thy Sight;
 If *David* ever merited thy Care,
 Restore me to my self, and fix me there.
 Then let a thousand gay Delusions rise,
 Let flattering Vice sit smiling in my Eyes,

F Undaunted

Undaunted I will go my Faith to prove;

And give my GOD an instance of my Love;

The bright Temptation shall before me flee,

And my untainted Soul shall rest on thee.

I fear, like *Saul*, I have incur'd thy Hate,

And, as I fill his Throne, should share his Fate.

Well I remember how th' infernal Guest

Tumultuous heav'd, and labour'd in his Breast;

Amaz'd I saw his dreadful Eyeballs roll,

Whilst cold Dismay hung shudd'ring o'er his Soul,

His frantick Rage subsided as I play'd,

And Musick's softer Pow'rs the Spright obey'd.

That potent Harp which could the Fiend command,

Now drops as useleſs from its Master's hand,

Eternal Torments in my Bosom rage,

My fiercer Griefs no Musick can affwage;

'Tis thou alone canſt succour the distress'd,

And drive the ſullen Fury from my Breast.

Whene'er the horrid Deed I backward trace,

My Soul rolls inward, and forgets her Peace;

Waking I dream, and in the silent Night
 A frightful Vision stalks before my sight ;
 The pale *Uriah* walks his dreadful round,
 He shakes his Head, and points to ev'ry Wound.
 O foul Disgrace to Arms ! who now will go
 To fight my Battels, and repel the Foe ?
 Who now to distant Climes for Fame will roam,
 To fall at last by Treachery at home ?
 Unhurt, the Coward may to Ages stand,
 The Brave alone can dye by my Command.
 Oh hold, my Brain to wild Distraction wrought,
 I will not, cannot bear the painful Thought :
 Oh do not fly me for thy Mercy's sake,
 Turn thee, oh turn, and hear the wretched speak ;
 Ev'n self-condemn'd, thy kneeling Servant save,
 And raise a drooping Sinner from the Grave.

Speak, mighty GOD, and bid thy Servant live,
 Let my charm'd Ears but hear the word---Forgive :
 My joyful Muse shall bear the Tidings round,
 Whil'st list'ning Worlds shall catch the grateful Sound :

Thus other Sinners shall obedient prove,
 And taught by me, shall wonder at thy Love;
 My firm Resolve shall their Example be,
 To place their Trust and Confidence in thee,
 By other hands let the mute Herd be slain,
 And on a thousand Altars smoke in vain;
 These Tears my better Advocates shall be,
 No poor atoning Ram shall dye for me:
 My Penitence shall act a nobler Part,
 I bring a broken and a contrite Heart:
 But oh! if strictest Justice must be done,
 If my relentless Fate comes driving on,
 I stand the Mark, whatever is decreed,
 Be *Isra'īl* safe, and let its Monarch bleed;
 On me, on me, thy utmost Vengeance take,
 But spare my People for thy Mercy's sake;
 Oh let *Jerusalem* to Ages stand,
 Build thou her Walls, and spread her wide Command:
 So shall thy Name for ever be ador'd,
 And future Worlds, like me, shall bless the L O R D.

SOLOMON.



S O L O M O N.

Psalm the Seventy second Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

This was the last Psalm that ever David writ, being penn'd a little before his Death, when he had caused Solomon to be Anointed King, and taken him into Co-partnership with him in the Throne. It is a Prayer to Almighty God for the future Glory and Happiness of Solomon, to whose Care he commits him; and at the same time takes an opportunity to instruct the young Monarch in the necessary Qualities of a just and good King, as the most likely means to make him easy and happy during his Life, and to induce his Successors to follow his Example, which he tells him will transmit his Glory from Generation to Generation. There are several Predictions in this Psalm which are of too exalted a Nature to be wholly due to Solomon:

I have

I have chosen rather to apply them to our Blessed Lord, of whom Solomon in many Particulars is said to be a Type. David takes his Leave in this Psalm with more than ordinary Force and Beauty. The whole Piece is exquisitely fine, and may justly serve as a Lesson for Kings, who ought to make the Good of the People the Rule of their Government.

Accept, great GOD, a dying Monarch's Pray'r,
Let *Solomon* employ thy future Care :

Finish the Mercy which thy Love begun,
And to thy kind Protection take my Son ;
For the dear Youth I lay my Sceptre down,
Oh establish thou his Heart, and fix his Throne.

Savage and fierce let impious Tyrants reign,
And deluge with their Subjects Blood the Plain,
Still let them keep the wretched Slaves in awe,
And proudly make their boundless Wills the Law ;
From *Solomon* let no such Actions spring,
But let him know 'tis Justice makes a King :

Whilst

Whilst Honour, conscious Honour acts its part,
 And nicely sways each motion of his Heart;
 Let still the Publick Good his Will control,
 Be that the glorious Impress on his Soul;
 With gentle Pity touch his youthful Breast,
 To screen the weak, and succour the distrest:
 Let rougher War unthinking Monarchs please;
 Be it his Pride to make Oppression cease,
 And learn the nobler Art to rule in Peace.

When mov'd to sit in Judgment in the Gate,
 Where the unfriended Poor expect their Fate;
 Let the sole Justice of the Cause prevail,
 And Merit, tho' in Rags, weigh down the Scale.
 As Good or Ill from Imitation springs,
 And Subjects wear the Fashion of their Kings;
 His own Example should the foremost stand,
 And widely spread its Influence thro' the Land.
 That Monarch executes but half his trust,
 Good in himself, who makes not others just,

Not aw'd by Clamour, or of Men afraid,

Let him command what's right, and be obey'd;
Thus lesser Pow'rs will lay their Vices down,
And catch the glorious Virtue of the Crown.

In Storms, let lawless Tyrants tread the Stage,
Like Thunder rattle, and like Tempests rage;
Why should a King such Violence express?
Such a false Fire but makes a Monarch less:
Peaceful and easy be his gentle Reign,
Refreshing as the Show'rs which cool the Plain;
Mild as soft Evening Drops which melt away,
Enrich the Fields, and make the Valleys gay.

Of all the Care that Royalty attends,
Let his chief Care be in the choice of Friends:
Instruct his Youth, great G o d, and purge his Sight,
And grant him Wisdom to discern aright;
Banish the noisy and ambitious Throng,
Drive from his Heart the giddy, and the young;
Let Probity and Truth his Soul engage,
Experience, Courage, Sanctity, and Age;

Wide and diffusive let his Favours fall,
 A Monarch, like the Sun, should shine on all: .
 Let not a worthless few engross his Mind,
 One Reign of Fav'rites ruins half Mankind:
 Ev'n Honesty, when once a Fav'rite grown,
 May change, and prove a Nusance to a Crown.

O never let his Heart be set on Blood,
 Ev'n to his Foes unalterably Good;
 A gracious Pardon often gains its End,
 And of a stubborn Rebel makes a Friend:
 Nay, should the Criminal his Hopes deceive,
 Ev'n then he knows — 'Twas God-like to forgive.
 'Tis this will swell his Praise in times to come,
 And make him great abroad, and lov'd at home.
 Where'er the Sun can dart its quickning Ray,
 Unbind the frozen Glebe, and stretch the Day;
 Where'er the silver Moon in trembling Light,
 Wheels her pale Beauty o'er the Face of Night,
 Earth's distant Bounds shall spread around his Name,
 And *Solomon* employ the Voice of Fame.

To view a Prince so merciful and wise,
 New Suns would strive to shine, new Stars to rise;
 Admiring Worlds shall listen to his Word,
 And Nations yet unknown acknowledge him their Lord.

Ev'n now methinks I see the *Tarshish* Fleet,
 In all its wanton Pride the Monarch greet;
 Their richest Mines the shining Store unfold,
 To make his Palace glow with foreign Gold;
 High o'er the Waves they cut the yielding Tide,
 At once they furl their Sails, and safely ride;
 Winds, Waves, and threatening Storms they dread
 (no more,
 With eager haste they land the precious Ore,
 And their loud Shouts salute the welcome Shore.

Here *Saba*'s Kings their royal Presents send,
 Their Homage pay, and court him for their Friend,
 Whilst *Perse*'s choicest Gifts in order stand,
 And humbly crave Acceptance from his Hand:
Arabia's Gums from loaded Altars rise,
 And curling Clouds of Incense reach the Skies:

Here

Here *Cyprian* Wines from golden Vessels flow,
 There *Cretan* Youths in long Proceſſion go.
 'Tis *Solomon* employs their only Care,
 For him to ev'ry God they bend in Pray'r:
 For his lov'd Life whole *Hecatombs* they kill,
 And lowing Oxen dye on ev'ry Hill.

So when the Rebel Angel's Pow'r shall cease,
 And the glad Day shall see the Prince of Peace,
 Cherubs and Seraphs shall his Triumph sing,
 And Hell be forc'd to own him for its King;
 Converted Millions will his Triumph meet,
 And Monarchs lay their Sceptres at his Feet:
 Mercy and Truth shall deck his peaceful Reign,
 And banish'd Justice be restor'd again;
 For lost Mankind he quits his bright Abode,
 Bow down ye ſubject Worlds, and own the coming God.

Hail bleſt *Judæa*, from Oppreſſion free,
 What happy Rival ſhall compare with thee?
 Free from distracting Cares thy Hours beguile,
 Whilſt chearful Plenty makes thy Borders ſmile;

Thy

Thy goodly Fields shall give their full Increase,
 The happy Fruits of Liberty and Peace;
 No blasting Winds shall mock the Tiller's Care,
 But gay Profusion crown the ripen'd Year.

Great God, the Bus'nes of my Life is done,
 Receive the Father, and protect the Son;
 The only Blessings that I now can crave,
 Are thy Forgiveness, and a peaceful Grave:
 My Soul returns to thee, from whom it came,
 And my last Sigh thus — dies upon thy Name.



The



The *RECOVERY*.

Psalm the One hundred and third Paraphras'd.

The ARGUMENT.

It is agreed by all that this Psalm was written by David, and that it was designed by him as a Thanksgiving for his Recovery from some dangerous Fit of Sickness: It is an excellent Example to all those who have labour'd under an ill habit of Body, and have been restored to their Health, to render Thanks to God for their Deliverance, and to praise him for his Mercy. This whole Psalm is finely written, the Simile of the Eagle is bold and glorious; the Mercy of God towards Sinners is touched in a tender and delicate manner; the short Duration of Man, the Power and Grandeur of the Almighty are excellently set forth. In a word, the whole Piece is a Beauty.

MY Soul, the fulness of thy Joy impart,
To ev'ry tender Motion of my Heart,

Bid

Bid them with one Consent their Voices raise,
'Tis GOD, our gracious GOD, demands their Praise.
And thou my Lyre, thy sweetest Tribute bring,
From him alone thy Master's Blessings spring,
'Tis his to merit Praise, 'tis thine to sing.

When Death's cold Hand o'er all my Limbs was spread,
And fainting Nature sunk its drooping Head;
When half pronounc'd, the murmur'ring Accents hung
On my pale Lips, and falter'd on my Tongue;
A helpless Coarse upon my Couch I lay,
Whilst my last Pulse beat its slow March away.
'Twas then, great GOD, I felt thy Pow'r divine,
'Twas then I saw thy tender Mercy shine;
Quick thro' my frame thy healing Virtue ran,
And a returning spring of Life began.
A sprightly Ardour in my Bosom reigns,
Whilst a warm stream shoots swiftly thro' my Veins,
The joyful Muse partakes the kindling Flame,
Mounts with redoubled Strength, and sings thy glo-
(rious Name.

So when his molting past, the Eagle tries
 His Plumes renew'd, and feels his Vigour rise,
 Swift from some rocky Cliff he bears away,
 Wheels o'er the subject Plains, and scents the Day:
 A mean ignoble pitch he scorns to fly,
 But lost in Clouds from the Beholder's Eye,
 Boldly he soars aloft, and sweeps along the Sky.

Nor is the Monarch's Fate thy only Care,
 Thy tender Love his happy People share;
 In Fetters bound, by Tyranny opprest,
 Thy Pity saves, and gives thy *Isra'l* Rest.
 Long had thy chosen Tribes in secret mourn'd,
 And sighing, wish'd for Liberty return'd.
 Long had their Souls with Indignation born
 The roughest tryal of their Master's scorn;
 Till sent by thee, their great Deliv'rer came,
 Proud *Pharoh* heard, and trembled at thy Name.
 In vain he mourn'd his desolate Abodes,
 In vain invok'd his fodder-eating Gods.

The righteous *Moses* wav'd his awful Wand,
 And with amazing Terrors shook the Land:
 On the Sea's brink thy wond'ring People stood,
 And safely journey'd thro' the op'ning Flood;
 Swift on their rear the haughty Tyrant hung,
 And fell the Triumph of the Prophet's Song.

What Words, great God, thy Mercy can express?
 Words are too faint, and make the subject less;
 With which no Rival claims an equal part,
 Mercy's the reigning Fav'rite of thy Heart.
 When wretched Man in Sin's dark Paths has trod,
 And boldly dar'd the Vengeance of his God;
 His poor Excuse how ready you receive,
 Slow to resent, and easy to forgive.
 Our Faults so little do thy Anger move,
 They rather seem t' endear us to thy Love;
 Unwillingly thy Justice strikes the Blow,
 And kindly mourns our necessary Woe.

Thus

Thus a fond Parent, when a Fault is done,
 With soft Compassion treats his fav'rite Son;
 No flush of Rage his even Vifage wears,
 He chides with Pity, and corrects with Tears:
 Pierc'd with the mournful Cry, his melting Heart,
 Shrinks at each Blow, and feels a more than equal
 (Smart.

How happy is it that thy heav'nly Mind,
 To tender Love and Pity is inclin'd?
 For oh! what Sinner from thy Rage can flee?
 Alas, can Dust an Ashes cope with thee?
 Short is the Date, and narrow is the Span,
 Which bounds the little Life of foolish Man:
 Gay Scenes of Bliss his ravish'd Soul surprise,
 Raise his vain Hopes, and glitter in his Eyes;
 Of swelling Titles he supinely dreams,
 Vast are his Projects, and refin'd his Schemes;
 But when this Morning view of Joy is past,
 His melancholy Evening comes at last;

The

The Tyrant Death its hasty Summons sends,
And all his momentary Glory ends.

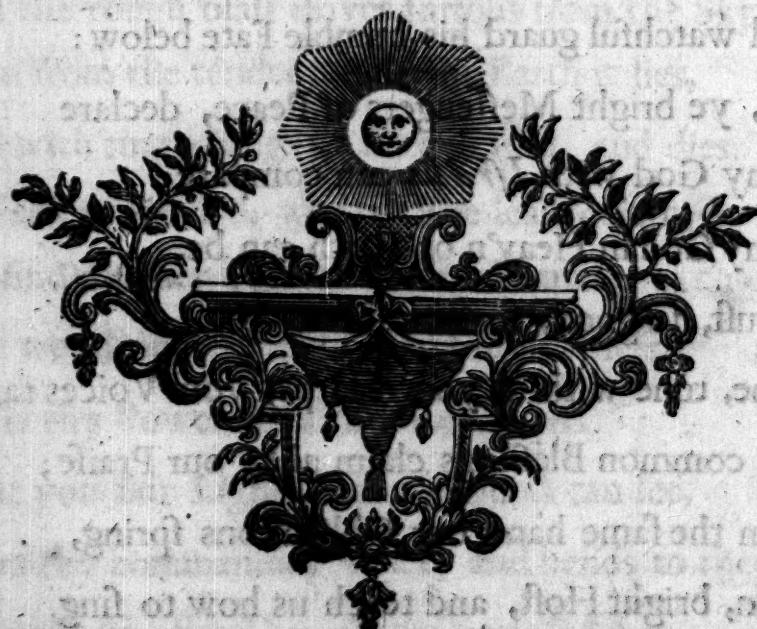
So a fair Flow'r, whose op'ning Leaves display
Their various Colours to the smiling Day,
Blooms in full Beauty whilst the Welkin's clear,
And lavish of its Sweets, perfumes the Air:
But when an angry Tempest scouls on high,
And the rough blast drives furious from the Sky,
Torn from the tender Stalk, on Earth it lies,
And with'ring, hangs its silken Head, and dies.

Weak as we are, without the least desert,
We find an easy Passage to thy Heart.
Thy wondrous Love we gratefully confess,
Nor is thy Power than thy Mercy less.
What yon fair Light in all its round can see,
Hears thy commanding Voice, and bends to thee;
Where Nature stretches out its utmost Line,
As form'd by thee, the Property is thine:
Remotest Worlds confess thy Name ador'd,
And with united Voices bless the L O R D.

Ye shining Host, ye happy Sons of Light,
 Who stand the foremost in your Maker's sight,
 Who on his Word attend, prepar'd to fly,
 And bear his awful Mandate thro' the Sky ;
 Whether in swelling Seas your stands ye keep,
 Proud to perform his Orders in the Deep,
 Or Friends to Man, your heav'nly Kindness shew,
 And watchful guard his humble Fate below :
 Say, ye bright Messengers of Peace, declare
 If any God with *Isra'l*'s can compare ;
 If any God in Heav'n or Earth can be,
 So just, so good, so merciful as he.
 Tune, tune with us your Harps, your Voices raise,
 Our common Blessings claim alike our Praise ;
 From the same hand our Obligations spring,
 Begin, bright Host, and teach us how to sing.

Oh all ye glitt'ring Worlds which round me shine,
 Whose constant Order speaks a Pow'r divine ;
 Ye Creatures that in Earth or Waters move,
 Revere the God, and wonder at his Love ;

Nor thou my Soul be wanting to impart,
 The kindest dictates of a grateful Heart:
 Warm in my Breast preserve the sacred Flame,
 Heav'n, Earth, my Soul, my all, adore his glorious
 (Name.)



G O D

G O D the Creator, and the Preserver.

Psalm the One Hundred and Fourth Paraphrased.

The ARGUMENT.

David, in this Psalm sets forth the Power of God in the Works of the Creation. The hint was so very great, that I could not forbear Paraphrasing it a little more at large than I have done any other Psalm. I own I have taken more liberty than is strictly allowable, but I hope that the Variety which the Reader will here meet with, will make him sufficient amends for the want of Exactness.

I.

OFF-spring of Heav'n, Celestial Flame,
I own thy Pow'r, thou lovely Guest;
Numbers smooth and soft inspiring,
I bid thee welcome to my Breast:

Unfold thy rich harmonious Store,
 And to my Mind thy warmth impart:
 Give me to feel thy pleasing Rage,
 And let thy sacred Fire distend my Heart.
 And thou, my Lyre, resume the lays,
 And thro' thy painful Silence break,
 To sing the great C R E A T O R ' s Praise ;
 'Tis he who calls, my Lyre, awake ;
 Proud of the Theme, resume the lay,
 For him, whom Earth and Heav'n obey :
 Each Note shall bear the hallow'd Name around,
 And to superiour Worlds convey the distant Sound.

II.

Parent of all created things,
 From whom this Scene of Nature springs,
 To our charm'd sight thy Pomp display,
 Open all thy Heav'n of Day ;
 Amidst thy shining Guards be shewn
 The glitt'ring Host who grace thy Throne : his
For

For thee their golden Lyres they string;

Of thee in sweetest Numbers sing;

Confess thee **GOD**, and hail thee **KING**.

III.

On **ISRA'L'S** Foes to execute thy Rage,

Intent and waiting for thy high Command;

Whether design'd to blast an impious Age,

Or save from lawless Pow'r a fav'rite Land:

Mounted on Wings of Winds they steer their course,

And wondrous is their speed, and wondrous is their force.

IV.

All dark as yet, th' unactive Mass

Lay bound in heavy Chains of Sleep;

When big with Life, **GOD'S** awful Spirit,

Sat brooding o'er the mighty Deep.

Let there be Light, he said, and lo,

The nimble Beams the **FIAT** heard,

Sprang from the Womb of ancient Night,

And cheerful Light its smiling Visage rear'd:

On purple Wings it upward flew,
 And by its Order fix'd on high;
 Around its darting Glories threw,
 And stain'd the Curtains of the Sky.

Whether it paints the blushing East
 With rosy streaks, or gilds the West;
 Not undiscern'd by him, the heav'nly Ray,
 He saw that it was good, and blest the Infant Day.

II.

The vast Abyss now meets his Eyes,
 Where Nature yet in Embryo lies;
 Where Tyrants of the boundless Plain,
 Chaos and wild Disorder reign;
 The hot, the cold, the moist, the dry,
 Blended in vast Confusion lie;
 Struggling they bear alternate sway,
 Around in circling Whirlpools play,
 And win a momentary Day.

{ }

III.

III.

But to his dread Command obedient prove,
 And now no more for fruitless Empire try;
 The various seeds of future Beings move,
 And each to their appointed Stations fly:
 There wait his Voice, and at his wondrous Call,
 Leap sudden into Life, and form this beauteous All.

I.

In the great Lap of Nature laid,
 And breaking forth its oozy Bed,
 The huge, the pond'rous Globe of Earth,
 Above the Waters rears its Head:
 The tall, th' aspiring Mountains rise,
 And high in Air their Foreheads show;
 Some their broad Shoulders hide in Clouds,
 And proudly cast a length of shade below.
 Beneath, the humbler Valley lies,
 Where, in their kinds, the Flocks are seen;
 Where new created Sweets arise,
 And with fresh verdure cloath the Plain.

Swifter.

Swifter than flitting Winds the Roe,
 Is seen to quit the Mountain's brow :
 He seeks the Stream which living Fountains yield,
 Sweeps o'er the flow'ry Lawns, and flies along the Field.

II.

The mighty Deep his Eye surveys,
 When strait its watry World obeys ;

Here the rough Surges loudly roar,
 And in proud Waves insult the Shoar :
 There softer Rills more easy glide,
 And steal adown the Mountain's Side :
 Various the winding Rivers pass,
 Cooling the fultry Meadow's Face,
 And gently roll their floating Glaſs.

III.

Some, where the dreadful Precipice on high,

Does to th' affrighted view its Horrors show,
 In a white Mist dispers'd involve the Sky,
 And from the airy Summit plunge below ;

Then

Then join their scatter'd Streams, and force their way,
Rush headlong o'er the plain, and pour into the Sea.

I.

See, at his Voice the blooming Spring

In rich attire the Autumn meets;
She rivals with her Flow'rs its Fruits,
And boasts a Wilderness of Sweets:
Her lovely Off-spring, Nature's Pride,
Disclose their Beauties all around;
With Odours scent the balmy Air,
And with a gay Profusion strew the Ground.

The Vine in purple blushes drest,
Close to the Elm displays her Charms,
Curls her soft Tendrils round his Wastes,
And spreads luxuriantly her Arms.
The ripen'd Grain on rising Fields,
To Man a pleasing Prospect yields:
In even Ranks the waving Heads appear,
Bend with the fruitful Load, and crown the lusty Year.

I.

II. God

God spake, when strait above the rest

(Fair Native of the spicy East)

A Garden rose, delicious Scene

Of flow'ry Walks, and lively green;

Whatever Sweets adorn the Woods,

Paint the Fields, or grace the Flood;

All that's lovely, all that's fair,

Form'd by his peculiar Care,

Unite their Charms, and fix them there.

On ev'ry Tree the tuneful Choir appears,

Of warbling Birds, which sing their artless lays,

First taught by him to charm the list'ning Ears,

And pay him back his Musick in his Praise,

Such EDEN was, his Fav'rite's soft Abode,

Rais'd by a Hand divine, and worthy of a God.

II.

Great Nature's watchful Eye, the Sun,
 Hears his Voice, and mounts the Skies,
 Who comb'd his beamy Locks with Gold,
 And bid the wondrous Planet rise.
 Around his Orb in measur'd Dance,
 The circling Hours and Months appear;
 The swift-wing'd Minutes lightly move,
 And mark the periods of the rowling Year.
 When from on high he darts his Fires,
 The glowing Breast to transport warms;
 Life bounds afresh with soft Desires,
 And rosy Beauty sweetly charms;
 His flaming Arrows pierce the Flood,
 And warm to Life the kindling Mud.
 Where-e'er he points his Beams gay Landscapes rise,
 Whilst with his quickning touch he paints them as he
 (flies,

II.

But when he shoots a milder Ray,
 And downward drives the falling Day ;
 Cool Ev'ning now its Beauty rears,
 And blushes in its dewy Tears ;
 The wandring Flocks no longer rove,
 But seek the covert of the Grove :
 The fighting Winds now cease to roar,
 The drowsy Ocean storms no more,
 But gently dies along the Shoar.

III.

Near to the Margin of some peaceful Flood,
 The Nightingal alone in mournful strains,
 Tunes her sweet Chorals to the echoing Wood,
 And with her various Musick fills the Plains :
 Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er Man and Beast,
 The Soul melts thoughtless down, and softens into
 (Rest.

The lovely Queen of silent Shades,
 The Moon, in trembling streams of Light,
 Wheels her pale Chariot slowly on,
 O'er the soft Bosom of the Night:
 Millions of bright resplendent Worlds,
 Heav'n's glitt'ring Lamps are seen to rise;
 They as her Virgin Train appear,
 And she the fair Vicegerent of the Skies.
 Each Planet in its rowling Sphere,
 Proclaims aloud the SACRED NAME,
 With Sounds harmonious charms the Air,
 And speaks the POWER from whence it came;
 Here in full blaze they singly shine,
 Whilst some their mingled Beauties join;
 Like a rich Pavement on the face of Night,
 Burn with promiscuous Beams a galaxy of Light.

II.

While weary'd Nature sleeps around,

And Silence broods upon the Ground.

Fir'd

Fir'd with a painful thirst of Blood,
 The gen'rous Lyon seeks his Food :
 The trembling Flocks his Rage descry,
 And round th' affrighted Shepherd fly.
 But where the Herd more careless stray,
 With full Joy he takes his Way,
 And leaps at once upon the Prey.

III.

In vain they struggle with superior Might,
 His fiercest Foes an easy Conquest yield ;
 Till from on high he sees returning Light,
 And grieves to quit the Triumph of the Field.
 He roars aloud, he shakes his angry Mane,
 Grins back upon the Day, and scours along the Plain.

I.

Lost in an endless maze of Thought,

What Limits can our Wonder keep ?

What Tongue can speak, what Heart conceive,
 Great GOD, thy Actions in the Deep ?
 High as its frothy Billows rise,
 The vast Enquiry lifts the SOUL,
 And stretches out the MIND as wide,
 As fiercest Storms can give its Waves to roll.
 When thy Breath heaves the swelling Tides,
 And subtle Lightnings round thee play,
 When thy keen Wrath in Whirlwinds rides,
 And in black Clouds involves the Day ;
 Thy Voice can cause their Rage to cease,
 And speak the Thunder into Peace :
 Thy ANGEL, at the word, darts swiftly down,
 Bounds lightly o'er the Waves, and bids them smooth-
 (ly run.

II.

Where mossy Caves the Sight surprise,
 And blushing Groves of Coral rise ;
 The Fish their various Tribute bring,
 And of the Ocean hail thee KING :

H

To

To court thy Eye their Revels keep,

And skim with easy Fins the Deep.

On thee they wait with one accord,

As form'd by thy ALMIGHTY WORD,

And in just Praise confess the LORD.

III.

Warm'd with the Glories of a smiling Day,

The wanton Dolphins do each other chace,

Thro' the green Waves their silver Scales display,

And swiftly press to win the watry Race:

Flush'd with immod'rate Life, they scorn to yield,

But darting to the Goal, divide the Honours of the Field.

I.

Lo, the great Monarch of the Floods,

Leviathan, in Pomp appears,

Like some large floating Island moves,

And his huge Bulk in Triumph rears:

Swiftly th' affrighted Waves divide,

When thro' the Deep he plows his way;

In aukward Sport he rolls along,
 And from his ample Forehead spouts a Sea.
 Pleas'd to observe the Danger nigh,
 He treats with scorn the hissing Spear,
 And mocks the Arrows as they fly,
 As the dull trump'ry of the War.
 What Hand but thine, great GOD, could give
 Th' unwieldy Mass to move, and live?
 Yet he, ev'n he, does for his Food resort,
 Obedient to thy Call, to grace thy wat'ry Court.

II.

Fond Man shall tempt the stormy Main,
 (Oh, whither won't he steer for gain!)
 Of present Bliss forego his hold,
 And barter Happiness for Gold.
 See the tall Ship with flutt'ring Pride,
 Upon the dancing Billows ride:
 When long expected Gales prove kind,
 She leaves the less'ning Shoar behind,
 And gives her Colours to the Wind.

III.

But when the angry Surge begins to rage,
 And thro' the boundless waste the Tempest roar,
 O gracious GOD, do thou their Wrath asswage,
 And bid the fighting Whirlwinds storm no more:
 Let gentle Pity flow within thy Breast;
 Oh cheer his melting Soul, and give the wearied Sailor
 (Rest.

I.

Fountain of Joy, eternal Spring,
 From whom our mortal Beings flow,
 How dost thou deal thy good around,
 And bless the subject World below?
 How shall we clear the large Account,
 We wretched heaps of Dust and Sin?
 Would we our Gratitude express,
 Where shall our vast acknowledgments begin?
 When we thy wondrous Works survey,
 And musing feast our ravish'd Eyes;

The

The lovely Scene knows no decay,
 But inexhausted Beauties rise :
 When thy Praises claim our Song,
 Expression dies upon the Tongue :
 Too big for Earth our falt'ring Accents break,
 And Silence must enforce what we want Pow'r to speak.

II.

Thy Creatures all expecting stand,
 And wait the Bounty of thy Hand ;
 Whether they haunt the shady Woods,
 Graze the Plain, or range the Floods ;
 Whether of various kinds the Fowl,
 Which row the Lake, or swim the Pool :
 Happy by Nature, wild, and free,
 Inglorious Chains they chuse to flee,
 Full of Life, and full of Thee.

III.

Ev'n the small Ants do thy Protection share,
 By thee advis'd, to save their wintry Store ;

Their little Commonwealth employs thy Care,

Too wise to want, too frugal to be poor.

Well may they shame the puzzled Schemes of Man,

Since from thy THOUGHT DIVINE they drew the
(wondrous Plan.

I.

In all the radiant Pomp of Heav'n,

Plac'd on thy bright resplendent Throne,

Regard thy ISR'EL here below,

And look with soft Compassion down.

And thou, my SOUL, with strictest Care,

And trembling Awe, his Statutes keep :

Think what thou art, from whom thou cam'st;

Be calmly wise, and let his Thunder sleep.

For, oh ! should he but once command

His dreadful Legions to engage,

Not Worlds can save thee from his Hand,

Or dare to screen thee from his Rage.

To the tall Hills wouldst thou complain ?

To hide thee there, alas, is vain :

Those

Those everlasting Hills his Rage would flee ;
 Would run about as wild, and prove as weak as thee.

II.

When a Cloud thickens on his Brow,
 And rising Storms his Anger show,
 No more these springing Sweets appear,
 But sudden Winter chills the Year :
 Amazement checks the wond'ring Flood,
 And the MOON blots her Orb with Blood ;
 The SUN no more in Glory burns,
 Each Creature to its Dust returns,
 And universal Nature mourns.

III.

With folded Arms the pensive Gard'ner stands,
 Whilst his destroying ANGEL taints the Air,
 Which spreads the dire Contagion o'er his Lands,
 And nips the Glories of his flow'ry Care :

On the parch'd Earth their with'ring Beauty lies,
Whilst blasted by his Breath the fair CREATION dies.

I.

Hail, Man belov'd, whose shining form
Employ'd thy MAKER's noblest Care ;
Who shap'd with Art thy tender Limbs,
And cast thee in a Mould so fair :
Thy grosser substance to refine,
He purg'd the Mass from its Allay ;
Infus'd a quick, immortal SOUL,
And stamp'd his glorious Image on the Clay,
Can'st thou forget the mean Estate
From which thy humble Lot was ta'en ?
Or him who fix'd thy better Fate,
And kindly bid thee live, and reign ?
What Privilege to thee is giv'n,
Thou last, thou fav'rite Work of Heav'n !

With

With Face erect, to view his bright Abode,
To learn his righteous Laws, and know him for thy God.

II.

Those ills which guilty Sinners dread,
Shall arm'ds play around thy Head:
Why should'st thou fear the shock to stand,
When cover'd by thy MAKER's Hand?
He form'd thee free, as freely live;
Enjoy what Innocence can give.
For Bliss supreme thy taste prepare,
Within his Bosom lodge thy Care,
And place thy lov'd *Elysium* there.

III.

Sleep, happy Man, do thou securely rest;
Let no dark Thought thy even Mind control,
Whilst Virtue reigns the Sov'reign of thy Breast,
And wisely sways the motions of thy Soul.

In a soft Flow thy easy Life shall glide;
 HEAV'N be thy firm Support, and PROVIDENCE thy
 (Guide.

I.

Hence ye prophane, ye empty Names,
 Whose boasted Influence we defy ;
Milcom, and *Ashtoreth*, and *Baal*,
 Ye idle Rabble of the Sky :
 Pounded to Dust, your Statues fall,
 Your solemn Rites shall sound no more ;
 Your Maker's MAKER as our LORD,
 We own with Transport, and with Pride adore.
 Ye Angels, praise his sacred NAME,
 Ye heard the mighty FIAT giv'n ;
 And hail'd the WORD with loud Acclaim,
 Which shook the Battlements of Heav'n :
 Whilst wond'ring Worlds shall catch the Sound,
 And waft the hallow'd Notes around ;
 With

With flying Fingers touch the trembling Lyre,
Sweet as what Love divine and Gratitude inspire.

Whilst fervent Vows from Altars rise,
And Clouds of Incense reach the Skies,
Whilst Nature speaks in ev'ry part,
And sense of Duty warms the Heart ;
Could'st thou, my Soul, forgetful be?
Silence would be a Crime in thee.
Rais'd on Devotion's swiftest Wing,
Do thou thy tuneful Tribute bring,
To him, who gave the Muse to sing.

III.

How vast the Thought? How daring are the Lays,
Which speak thy Actions to recording Fame?

To

To sound to list'ning Worlds, great GOD! thy Praise,
 Weak is my Force, tho' glorious is my Theme.
 Mount, mount, my Soul, in that ethereal Fire,
 Which burns within my Heart, and never shall expire.



G O D Omnipotent and Omnipresent.

Psalm the One hundred and Thirty ninth Paraphras'd.

The ARGUMENT.

This Psalm was written by David when he unjustly lay under an Imputation of having a Design on the Life and Throne of Saul, which Calumny had been artfully whisper'd in the Ear of the King by some Flatterers who were about him; who having observed that the Tyrant was piqued at the growing Fame and Glory of his Son-in-law, thought they had no surer Way to recommend themselves, than to confirm his Jealousy, and strike in with his Revenge. The pious Prince asserts his Innocence, and makes this Pathetick and solemn Appeal to God as the Searcher of all Hearts, whether he be guilty or no of what he is accused. He delivers this Psalm to the Master of the Musick, as a lasting Testimony of his Sincerity and Fidelity towards Saul; which

which carrieth this instructive Lesson a-
long with it — That it is highly dan-
gerous not only to design upon the Life,
but even to harbour any evil Thought of
our Neighbour, since all such Designs are
constantly within the View and Notice of
God, who at any time can blast our Pur-
poses, and punish us for our Crimes.

THE Theme of Malice, and the Courtier's Song,
Th' unhappy Subject of each sportive Tongue,
To thee Great GOD I make my just Appeal,
Pronounce me guiltless, or my Faults reveal;
No Art thy piercing Knowledge can controul,
Thou know'st the secret Workings of my Soul,
E'er half-form'd Schemes are in my Fancy wrought,
When the faint Hint's just rip'ning into Thought:
E'er struggling Passions in my Bosom move,
And touch the Strings of Hatred, or of Love;
Thy searching Eye unfolds the close Machine,
And naked views the little World within.

When

When to the Field I take my pensive way,
 And deeply musing, thro' the Valley stray ;
 Or to the thickest of the Shades repair,
 Thy quick Discernment finds the Wand'rer there :
 Dark to my self I stand confess'd in sight,
 To thee, my Guide by Day, my Guard by Night ;
 What mortal Breast can such a Knowledge boast ?
 Bewilder'd when I think I know thee most,
 I blindly err, and am in Wonder lost. }
 }

Would my swift Steps GOD's awful Presence shun ?
 Whither, ah whither can I chuse to run ?
 Yet I may try — and wing my hasty Way,
 To the bright Regions of eternal Day ;
 Strain ev'ry Nerve to climb the wond'rous height,
 And proudly rise triumphant from his sight :
 Already I attain the blissful Seats
 Of blooming Beauty, and immortal Sweets.
 I skim the Plains, and brush with easy Wings,
 The painted Meadows, and the cooling Springs,

Where

Where never human Foot before has trod,
 Nor idly fear the Presence of a God;
 But oh, behold his shining Guards appear,
 Applauding Worlds proclaim their Maker near,
 This, this indeed is Heav'n, and God is here.

Away, be gone, precipitate thy Flight,
 And downward dart thee to the Realms of Night:
 Ye joyless Scenes, ye long extended Glades
 Of Hell's tremendous gloom, ye mournful Shades;
 Ye tortur'd Fiends, who swim the burning Tide,
 Or born aloft on giddy Whirlwinds ride;
 Amaz'd, and trembling to your Realms I fly,
 Hide me, oh hide me from your Conqu'ror's Eye.
 No Footsteps of the God can here remain,
 Nor Bliss immortal dwell with endless Pain:
 Vain Thought — for see from far a heav'nly Ray,
 Gilds the brown Horror with unwelcome Day,
 Whilst the pale Spectres wink, and flit away.
 Hell hears, and trembles to its utmost bounds,
 He comes, th' Almighty comes, all Hell resounds;

With

With Terror arm'd he moy'd along the Plains,
 He lifts the sounding Lash, he shakes the Chains,
 O'er Hell he triumphs, and in Vengeance reigns.

Thou glorious Planet, whose propitious Ray,
 With purple Blushes paints the rising Day,
 Can'st thou in all thy airy Journey find
 A safe Retreat for my disorder'd Mind?
 Beneath the freezing, or the burning Zone,
 To the broad Eye of Providence unknown?
 Ah no, where'er thy smiling Glories shine,
 All Nature feels, and owns the Pow'r divine.
 How could I think thou couldst the God withstand,
 Thy self the Creature of his forming Hand?
 In vain for Succour to thy Beams I flee,
 Thou can'st not hide thy self, nor shelter me.
 Be fix'd, my Heart, thy Resolution keep,
 And boldly try th' unfathomable Deep;
 The mighty Ocean shall around me spread,
 And in its peaceful bottom hide my Head:

Unnumber'd Beauties meet my ravish'd Eyes,
 Where glitt'ring Groves of blushing Coral rise;
 The sportive Fish their shining Scales unfold,
 Enchas'd with orient Pearl, or drop'd with Gold.
 For the vast Whale they form a princely train,
 Who swims the Monarch of the floating Plain;
 In gamesome mood he spouts whole Seas before,
 And heaves the tumbling Billows to the Shoar.
 Ah mighty GOD, forgive the impious Thought,
 By thee this Scene of Wonders must be wrought,
 Fed, and supported by thy daily Care,
 Mute as they are, they own thy Godhead here;
 Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, in one great Truth accord,
 They feel thy Bounty, and confess thee—Lord.
 E'er the first dawning of my Mind begun,
 Or Life's warm stream had in it's Chanel run,
 Deep in thy Thought was form'd my wond'rous Plan,
 By thee it spread, and blossom'd into Man;
 Good Heav'n, how curious was my structure wrought,
 How grand the Model, how divine the Thought?

In their dark Cell thou didst my Parts compare,

Each limb was shap'd with a peculiar air,

And then, ev'n then, I grew the object of thy care,

To what does all this vast Profusion tend?

Where will my Wonder, or thy Bounty end?

When my fond Heart would name thy Mercies o'er,

Lost in the mighty sum, I count no more,

Confounded and amaz'd, I tremble and adore.

Ye Sons of Malice, whom I justly hate,

Ye shameless Flatt'lers of a guilty State,

Who in the Paths of Wickedness have trod,

Contemn'd his Precepts, and deny'd their God,

Oh think what Ruin must attend the strife,

And wisely cease to practise on my Life.

Hear what the Voice of Heav'n and Earth imparts,

And fix this dreadful Lesson in your Hearts;

Tho' from the World your Purposes ye screen,

There's an avenging God who looks within;



Inclin'd

Inclin'd to Pity, and to Anger flow,
 Yet rouz'd to Rage, he will the Thunder throw,
 Nor can weak Man avert th' impending Blow.

Look down, great GOD, and hear thy Servant's Pray'r,
 And make my injur'd Innocence thy Care:
 Should *Saul's* Destruction in my Fancy roll,
 Should the dire thought affect my wav'ring Soul;
 Take, mighty GOD, my stagg'ring Virtues part,
 And kindly search each corner of my Heart:
 Never, oh never give th' Intruder rest,
 But drive the lurking Traitor from my Breast.
 Give me the wiles of faithless Men to flee,
 To form my Conduct by thy just decree,
 And place my sure, my lasting Hopes in thee.



